OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER WILL BE A TRIUMPH. DON'T MISS IT.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

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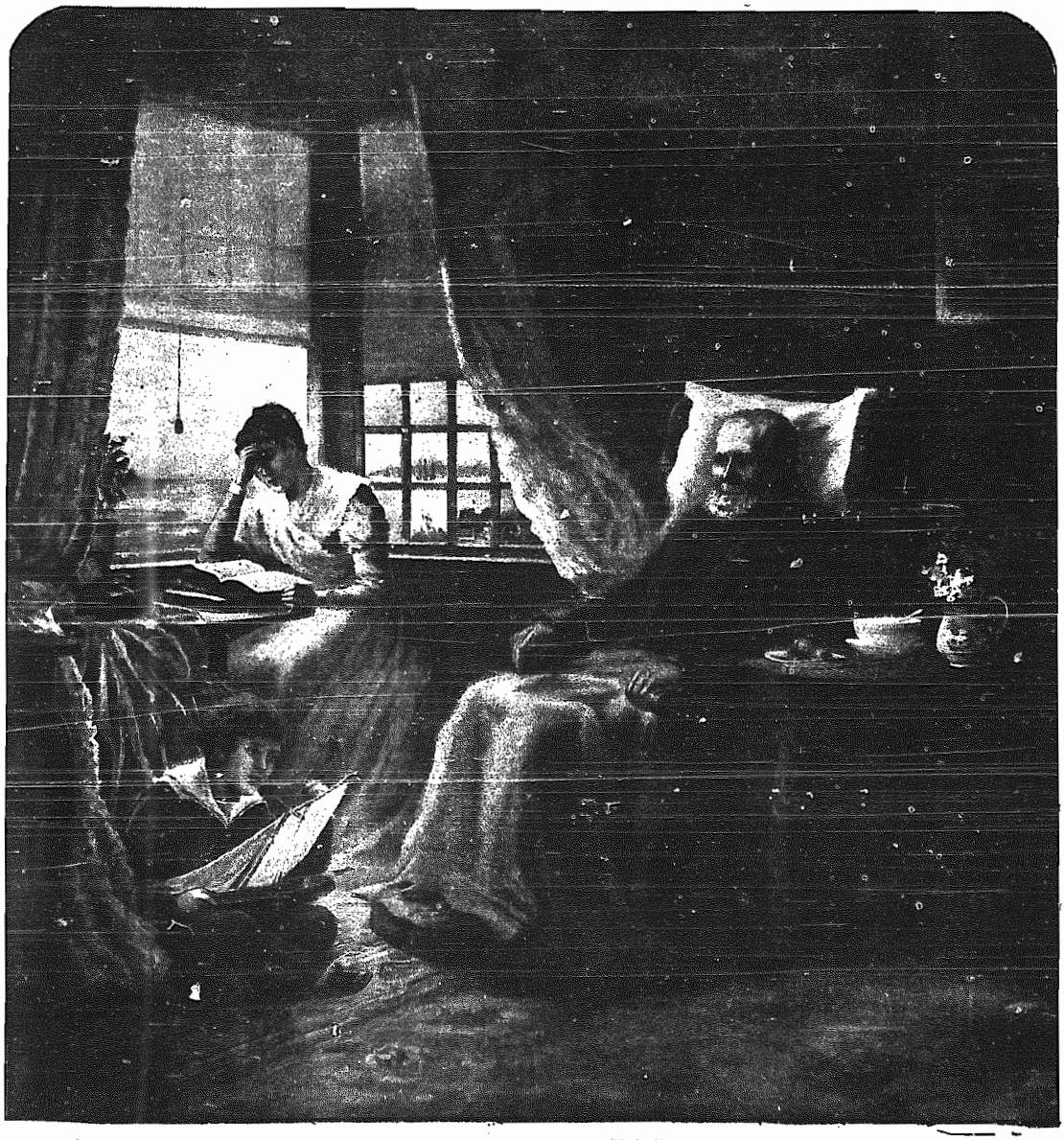


When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest—

Then, while leaning on Thy breast
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Nearing the "Harbour."

THERE he sits, that old weather-beaten hero of a thousand gales, his frame once as rugged and hardy as the rocks that gird his island home, now worn and wasted as they, from the dashing of the waves of time. He has made his home by his beloved sea. His life had been spent upon its heaving bosom, and now he would end his days beside it.

Memory is busy with him as he rests in the old arm chair listening to his daughter as she reads the old Book, which for years has been to him chart and compass, as he shaped the course of his barque, "unto the desired haven."

Then his eyes rested upon the golden haired boy at his feet, absorbed in the, to him, all-important task of tautening the stays and rigging of his little model. Already the boy evidences the possession of something of the spirit of his grandsire. To his boyish mind the world possesses but one hero, and that his sailor grandad. No treasures so priceless to him as the old cutlass and sextant that hang upon the walls of the old sailor's home. No stories interest or thrill his boyish heart like those of the voyages to the Indies, the battling with the elements, the fighting the enemies of home and country in the days of the old wooden walls. He longs for the day to come when he too shall know the joy of

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the gathering waters rave,
And winds their revels keep."

* * * *

The old hero cannot help remembering his own boyhood days, with all its dreamings and longings, but now his voyages are almost o'er, the sails will soon be furled and the old barque will cast its anchor inside the harbor. As for his golden-haired boy, the pride and comfort of his declining years, his life is before him, his voyages have yet to be made—some in storm, some in calm, some with joy, some with pain, some with gain, some with loss. Naught knows he yet of the shoals and quicksands, naught thinks he of the howling gales, or rock-bound shores. The old man could almost wish that the boy be spared such hardships as those he had been called to encounter. But, listen! His reverie is broken in upon by the voice of his daughter as she reads, and the boy even forgets his model as the words fall upon his ears:

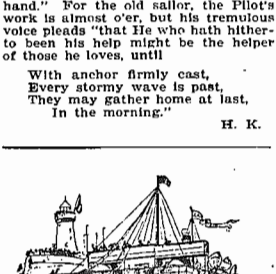
"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths, their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto the desired haven."

* * * *

The old Book is closed, the model is laid aside, and three heads are bowed in prayer to Him "who holdeth the waters of the sea in the hollow of His hand." For the old sailor, the Pilot's work is almost o'er, but his tremulous voice pleads "that He who hath hitherto been his help might be the helper of those he loves, until

With anchor firmly cast,
Every stormy wave is past,
They may gather home at last,
In the morning."

H. K.



The Roller Steamer "Ernest Basin,"
Leaving Havre on a trial trip.

FOUR DAYS' CAMPAIGN IN DENMARK.

BY THE GENERAL.

(Continued from last week.)

The New Ventures.

Monday, October 18th.

Monday morning was partly spent in an inspection of our two new Social ventures. My duty—at least a great part of it—was entirely neglected on the previous afternoon, with that assembly of great people who had been especially invited to hear me announce the opening of a new Women's Shelter and a Prison Gate Home. Now, both these Institutions are special favorites of mine, and I think, according to my ability, I could have waxed warm, if not eloquent over them. And yet—would you believe it?—I forgot all about them, and never mentioned one or the other from first to last. I shall want what the theatrical people call a Prompter soon; anyway, I give all my directors notice that if they have anything special, on which they want me to dwell in the meeting, they must remind me of it before I begin.

On this particular morning, however, I was driven to see these two Institutions, and very pleased I was with them. The Women's Shelter was simply excellent. I only wish we had one or two similar to it in each city on the Continent; and the Prisoners' Home had only one fault—it was much too small.

They Are Not Failures.

The Social Institutions in Denmark are, so far as I can discover, in excellent form. They have three Food Depots, which have supplied 24,752 meals in the last twelve months, three Workshops and a Labor Bureau that have furnished temporary work for 519 men and found situations for 421 in the same time.

They have a Rescue Home through which eighty-one girls have passed during the year, of whom fifty-eight are doing well.

Then there is the Slum Work, and two Children's Homes, to which, if you add the Women's Shelter and the Prison Gate Home above referred to, you will have a very fair start for Denmark.

An Anecdote.

In a town in the north of Denmark the police were completely set fast with a wretched drunkard. He had lost his situation, sold his furniture, wearied out his friends, quarrelled with everybody, and grown desperate, was raving up and down, threatening to murder some people who would not do as he wanted them, and who, in consequence, went about in bodily fear of their lives. The authorities did the best they could under the circumstances, but appeared powerless to affect any improvement in this man's condition; and, in despair, the Burgomaster—that is, the Mayor—suggested the Army as a remedy. The Salvationists were written to, and after a while the Burgomaster packed the man off to Copenhagen, where, in a wretched and ruined condition, he presented himself at the Colonel's office. He was taken in, set to work, soon afterwards gave his heart to God, was converted, stayed some time, and is now in a situation and doing well.

Disturbing the Meeting.

"You saw that man come into your meeting on Sunday morning and fetched out his coat?" said an officer to me.

"Yes, I remember him well," I said. "He took off attention from what I was saying, and I never thank anyone for doing that."

"Well, sir, that man has a history. For thirty years he never had a sober hour. He ran through a small fortune, and came down to the gutter. The Army picked him up, got him converted, and now he is doing well."

There is a chorus that we used to sing in the days of old that would well fit in here,

"You may say what you like, you may think what is wrong,
The Salvation Army is marching along
Picking up drunkards and setting them free:
Now, that is the thing that I do like to see."

The Old Farmer.

Tuesday, October 19th.

They were very much alike—alike in crowds, in rapt attention, blessed influences, powerful appeals, earnest fishing, and striking results. We had thirty-two the first night and fifty the second, and yet they differed the one from the other, as all living things do. Each had its own peculiar rejections of mercy and its own peculiar acceptances, its own particular sorrows and its own particular joys.

The old man must have been far on for eighty, if not over. I should think he was a farmer. His wife, a woman of similar age, with a face indicative of great power, pleaded with her husband through the whole after-meeting. Others joined her in her entreaties, but the old man was inexorable—he would not come out. He rose on his feet, twisted about this way and that way; then he sat down again, and then got up again, but no penitent form for him! He would come, but not to-night, was all that could be got out of him. I joined the little crowd, and added my presence to that of his wife, who I could not help admiring. He was much surprised when he saw me and felt my hand. But it was of no use, "I'll come to-morrow!" To-morrow came; I looked all that morrow's crowd through and through, but the old farmer was not there. Where was he, and where will he finish?

Despair.

"I'm a lost soul!" said a backslider, who had sat as if transfixed, the second seat from the platform. "I'm a lost soul!" he said to a Captain. "It's too late!—I'm damned! I'm going to hell! God can't forgive me!" He looked awful.

Rebellion.

But here is a more terrible case still. A young man had sat right in front of me all the night, listening with riveted attention to every word. On being closed in upon as soon as I had finished, he coolly said, "No, I don't want to be saved, and I want to be damned, now—just on this very spot! I don't believe God can damn me, but, if He can I should like Him to do it now!"

Nearly Suffocated.

The three officers' meetings were much after the fashion of other officers' meetings, with this exception. As I entered the Temple on Tuesday morning I observed something like smoke curling about above the platform, and remarked it, at the same time complaining of the place being rather chilly; whereupon someone undertook to improve the fires, and that with such effect that by twelve o'clock first one and then another officer was being carried out in either heavy faints or fits of stupefaction, and the meeting had to be concluded in a very hurried fashion. On reaching the open others went off in the same way, until no fewer than forty officers were ill. Some had to be put to bed and have assistance from the doctor, while nine were not able to be present in the afternoon, when we sat with the windows open. In the morning the inconvenience proceeded from partial suffocation, in the afternoon from over-ventilation; nevertheless, those two meetings were among the most effective officers' gatherings I have ever held.

Farewell.

Wednesday, October 20th.

In the morning there was a renewed consecration to God, and a blessed baptism of the Holy Spirit. At four we met the staff, when all repeated their loyalty to the Flag, and promised God and Denmark a year's unreserved devotion; and at a quarter-past eight I said good-bye to Copenhagen.

A private of the Lincolnshire Regiment stationed at Cairo, who was found guilty of the murder of a comrade, has been hanged. The sentence has caused a considerable outcry among the Anglo-Egyptians.

A mutiny has broken out among the Spanish troops in Havana. It developed into a conflict in the street between the commanding officers and the troops. The cause of the mutiny was insufficient food and no pay.

HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

FATHER AND SON.

Genesis xlvi, 1-7, 28-34; xlvii, 1-10.

The Old Man's Departure.

THE journey to Egypt was a great undertaking for Jacob, who was 130 years old, but he only waited for one thing, and that was God's permission. Natural inclinations should never urge us to take any steps until we have God's blessing thereon.

Another Vision.

In a vision at Beer-sheba God told Jacob that he was to proceed to Egypt, promising him His presence and protection, also foretelling his death, and how the hand of his favorite Joseph should after all close his father's eyes. After this vision Jacob had no misgivings and continued his journey.

Judah Again to the Front.

Judah all through had played a prominent part. He had been the chief one to separate his father and brother. Again, he had been the spokesman in the interview with Joseph, pleading for his youngest brother. Now he was chosen to be the one to announce the arrival of the father to the long-lost son.

God seems to have given Judah, as in His mercy He so often gives to those who least deserve it, some chances for doing good to those to whom they have once done evil.

Although the past can never be undone, nor can its consequences be wiped away, God's love provides means whereby men can show their sincere and whole-hearted repentance and desire to do right in the future.

The Meeting.

Joseph met his father as a prince after a long absence of 22 years. How thankful and proud the father must have felt. In that meeting we can imagine how all the sorrows were forgotten. So happy was Jacob that he felt that he could now die easily.

Joseph gave his brothers wise counsel as to what they should say to Pharaoh. He knew the Egyptians' hatred of shepherds, but told them they should not be ashamed of their calling, for in this new and heathen land they must honor the God they professed by starting right, with no deceit. Again Joseph showed how well he understood the character of his brethren, and though he believed them to be thoroughly repentant, he took care to caution them against what had been their failing in the past.

A New Home.

The interview between Jacob and Pharaoh was very touching. We cannot understand the interest with which the King would look at the aged father of the son whom he had learned to honor so much. The grand, old, God-fearing man must have impressed the heathen monarch very much.

Pharaoh received the family most graciously, and gave them as promised the land of Goshen for them to dwell in. Here they lived apart from the Egyptians. It was a land suited to their pastoral pursuits, and when the time came for their return to the Promised Land, they were on the frontier nearest Palestine. Dwelling together in one place, their going out would be much easier than it would have been had they been scattered throughout the country.

God has a purpose for the future in all the details of the present. What He arranges in our lives to-day is for the good of to-morrow. Let us never hinder His control of our life, but like Joseph let good and evil work to His honor and glory.

Questions.

1. What made Jacob hesitate to leave Canaan?

2. What was his vision?

3. How does the part that Judah took shew us the merciful dealings of God?

4. On what policy did Joseph caution his brethren to commence their life in Egypt?

5. In what way was the selection of the land of Goshen a provision for the future?

Memory Text.

"Fear not."

TRIPLETS.

BRUNO FRIEDRICH.

HOPE sees,
Faith touches,
Love embraces.

• • • •

Hope expects,
Faith receives,
Love gives.

• • • •

Hope looks to God,
Faith believes in God,
Love is God.

• • • •

Hope restrains,
Faith forsakes,
Love sacrifices.

• • • •

Hope is the head,
Faith is the hand,
Love is the heart.

• • • •

Hope inspires,
Faith accomplishes,
Love multiplies.

• • • •

Hope looks for the Saviour,
Faith claims Him,
Love possesses Him.

• • • •

Hope reaches heaven,
Faith understands its language,
Loves breathes its atmosphere.

• • • •

Hope is the court of the Temple,
Faith is the Temple itself,
Love is the Holiest for which the Temple was built.

• • • •

Hope rises to heaven,
Faith brings heaven down,
Love creates heaven.

• • • •

Hope is the spirit that soars,
Faith the body that acts,
Love the soul that binds the two and gives them a purpose.

• • • •

Hope calls from heaven to earth "Come,"
Faith pointing from earth to heaven says, "Go,"
Love takes hold of the hand and leads from earth to heaven.

• • • •

Hope awakens the sinner,
Faith brings him to his knees,
Love lifts him up and kisses him.

• • • •

Hope turns the sinner's attention from sin to God,
Faith turns the sinner's heart from sin to the Saviour,
Love turns a man's attention from himself to others.

• • • •

Hope walks in the dark, but sees the distant light,
Faith sees the dark, but walks in the light,
Love sacks the dark to bring the light.

• • • •

Hope was born with the fall of the first Adam and shall die with the redemption of the last Adam.
Faith was born of hope and will die when sight replaces it,
Love knows no birth and no death.

• • • •

And now abideth Faith, Hope Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love. (R. V.)

These triplets are the children of the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians.

WANTED!

DOLLAR DONATIONS FOR PRISONERS' XMAS WAR CRY FUND.

See Editorial in this issue.

Newfoundland and Newfoundland's Provincial Officer.

Interesting Cleanings of the Work in Newfoundland and Reminiscences of Major McMillan's Early Days as Gathered by a War Cry Man.

MAJOR ALEX. McMILLAN, Chief Officer of the Salvation Army in the Island of Newfoundland, was the first of the Provincial Officers to arrive at the big 15th Anniversary Gatherings conducted by Miss Booth at Toronto. The opportunity his presence afforded of securing copy to help satisfy the capacious maw of the War Cry was seized upon by a War Cry man promptly.

• • • •

As we are writing for readers thousands of miles apart, and possibly not very conversant with the great divisions into which the Salvation Army in this Territory is divided for administrative purposes, or the men upon whom devolves the responsibility for successfully administering Army affairs in these divisions, we may as well explain that Newfoundland is one of the chief divisions, or Provinces in the Territory over which Miss Booth presides. The Island, which is about 317 miles from north to south, and 316 miles from east to west, has a population of 200,000.

Some thirteen years ago the Salvation Army commenced operations amongst the Newfoundlanders, and to-day has a force of officers and soldiers whose blood-and-fire spirit is second to none in the world. There are also a number of institutions for blessing both the bodies and souls of the neediest of the people.

• • • •

Major McMillan took charge of the Army there some 17 months ago. He is a hard-headed Scotchman with a warm heart beneath a somewhat rugged exterior. He marched into the War Cry office and sat down in the Editor's big arm chair completely filling it, for he is a strong, stiff and sturdy man with a big chest and every appearance of the ability to weather a good many gales on his voyage to the better land.

A few notes respecting him personally may be of interest. He first saw the Salvation Army in Glasgow, eighteen years ago, when he was a

Presbyterian, Stiff as a Hedge Stake,

and formal as could be. At that time Nellie (now Mrs. Commissioner Coombs) and Susie Cope had just opened the work in Glasgow. Meetings were announced to be held by the General and Mrs. Booth. The future Provincial Officer went to hear the heads of the Christian Mission and liked them well, although their ways were queer in his eyes, and the talk was a good deal different to what he had been used to in the Presbyterian Church. He could scarcely understand the General down on his knees, swaying to and fro, praying and shouting "Amen," but something more than mere curiosity was roused, for a few days after, himself, Mrs. McMillan and Johnnie (now the Commandant's Secretary in Australia) after listening to a Salvation Army Captain, named Miriam Smith, went forward to the penitent form and got converted. "Those were the days of stormy persecution," says the Major, "we were pelted with every kind of rubbish as we marched the street, and it took four policemen to keep back the crowd from crushing into the Army barracks."

These were interesting reminiscences, and we asked the Major more about them. He says that they fetched him up to the meeting the night after he was converted, more than that, the same night he was saved, after he rose from his knees, they asked him if he was going to join them, to which he replied in the affirmative, asking, Scotch-manlike,

"What Will I Have to Pay?"

"Anything you like," was the officer's reply, and Alexander commenced by paying a shilling a week, which he kept up until the time he left to become an officer, three years afterwards. This shilling a week did not go by the name of "Cartridge money" in those days, it was called "Class money," and was paid at the weekly class meeting. The Major also mentioned, by the way, they did not have any uniform, flags or drums in those days, but nevertheless, there was the same blood-and-fire which has characterized the Army's doings all along.

• • • •

"Fire," said the Major, reverting to Newfoundland, "you ought to come to Newfoundland. That's the place for fire. I never saw anything like it. Just give the meeting a start and it goes whooped up to the top key all the time. Salvationists dancing and jigging all over the place, ten or twelve up to testify all the time."

• • • •

The Major is ably seconded by a saintly wife, a quiet, unassuming Scotch body, who is as good as gold, and whose

MAJOR McMILLAN.

influence tells in the right direction all the time. There are six in the family, five of whom are with the Major in Newfoundland. Three of the boys play brass instruments, in fact all the family either sing or play.

They all Take Part in the Fight.

The Island of Newfoundland has little or no population in the interior. The bulk of the people get their living by fishing, and therefore, in almost every case the people are to be found in close proximity to the coast line. The Army holds meetings in every considerable place. The Province is divided into seven Districts. A District consists of several corps or places where regular meetings are held. Each District is under the care of a District Officer, who in addition to working one of the corps supervises the work of the others. The Major gave Bonavista District as a type of the kind of thing which is done. Here Ensign Kenway, an ex-man 'o war's man, and a red-hot Salvationist, is in charge. His quarters are at Bonavista. He is responsibly for this, for seven corps and six outposts. Some of the places he has got to visit are ninety miles away, and in winter time he travels over snow and ice, hills and dales, in all sorts of weather, to reach his appointments, carrying with him also a certain amount of uniform and books. The hardships encountered on these journeys are such that none but those with a very strong body and apostolic zeal for souls would be likely to persevere. The number of corps throughout Newfoundland is forty-six, with thirty-five outposts. At nearly all these places the

Major has Preached the Gospel

during his charge in the Island. The largest city on the Island is St. John's, with a population of 20,000. Here are three ordinary Salvation corps, including at Number I. a Training Home for Men Cadets, at Number II. a Training Home for Women Cadets. St. John I. is a magnificent corps, often marching out 200 soldiers. They are of a quality that cannot be surpassed. The Major speaks of them in the highest terms as loyal and true-hearted. A Men's Shelter finding cheap food and lodging for the needy has been opened during the Major's stay and is doing good work. Another excellent branch is the slum post. Here there are two lassie officers who live in a three-roomed house down in the very poorest part of the city. They visit from house to house, nurse the sick, get clothing for those who need it, and do cottage meetings, at which a considerable number of souls have been saved. A beautiful influence has been shed abroad through the holy living of these two girls, Lieuts. Morcer and LeDrew.

• • • •

Then there is also in the city a Rescue Home which has been a

Boon and Blessing to Many a Poor Girl.

The Army's standing in St. Johns is very high. We reckon among our friends all classes of the community from the Governor downwards. The Major says the Army is not looked down upon in the least in the Island, but has equal privilege with every other religious organization. One of the most oeneficial being the Minister's Permit half fare travelling on the railway.

• • • •

A feature of our work peculiar to Newfoundland is the day schools which we have in several places. These are conducted by the officers, who report to the Provincial Officer on the number of scholars in attendance and the various grades. Seal Cove may be taken as a typical place. Here there are fourteen families, all Salvationists. The officers teach school in the day time and hold meetings at night. There are no other religious meetings there but the Salvation Army's. Two candidates for officership have been drafted from this place and are doing well as officers to-day. Several other places have recently sent invitations to send officers to conduct school there. Flower Island is one where there are a number of families and no school or church of any description. Four new corps will be opened shortly in which school teaching will be a feature of the work. It is regretable that the Government grant given to those denominations having denominational schools is not received by the Army owing to the fact that the Army is not at present

Using Graded Teachers for the Work.

Queried about the officers and soldiers, the Major could find no words too eulogistic. "They are," he declared, "not to be beaten in any part of the world, their loyalty to the flag is perfect, their praying and soul-saving zeal of the most fervent character. The mention of the General's name raises a shout directly." To put it in the Major's own concise way, "Newfoundland is the place." J.C.

Color or Character.

Which Makes the Superiority?

CAPT. S. E. OTTAWAY.

TOMMY stooped, picked up a handful of sand, and flung it directly in the face of poor old colored Auntie Wright.

"You ought to be 'shamed of youself, now. Doan you do dat again."

Only a loud laugh and a pair of fast-retreating heels, was the reply.

"Come Charley," she said to the little darkey by her side, her beloved grandchild, "we'll just go and tell his mother. She'd oughter know."

So saying she hobbled around the corner and rang the bell at the rear of the shop.

"If you please, ma'am," she said to the woman who opened the door, "you boy throwed a handful ob sand in my face. He oughter hab a good whipping."

"Oh," said the mother, "do you think I would whip my boy for an old black nigger like you?"

"Why, what you thinkin' about," said Auntie, "to train you chile like dat. You oughter know better."

"If you don't go away and mind your business, I'll slap you in the face," said the woman.

"If you do I'll slap you," said Auntie, the sense of injustice overcoming her usually sweet temper.

Just at this moment the husband and father appeared at the door, and he spoke:

"If you don't get out of here, you dirty black nigger, I'll kick you in the lug."

Auntie knew only too well her powers in the fighting line, more than once having ably vanquished slave-masters, overseers and others in days gone by, so she only replied quietly:

"If you do Mr. Beans, you'll never raise you foot the second time," and quietly moved away.

Speaking of it after, she said, "I passed his door a few times since, and by-me-bye, I seen he wanted to speak to me, so one day he says, says he:

"'Good-morning, Auntie.'

"'Good-morning,' says I.

"'How are you this morning?'

"'Oh, I'm not very well, Mr. Beans,' says I, 'I had a bad fall and nearly broke three of my ribs.'

"'So I heard,' says he. 'Well, well, its too bad, but then those things happen to us all sometimes.'

"I just wanted him to see I could forgive him, and so we've spoke ever since."

"God bless you, Auntie," said the Captain, "for if we forgive not men their trespasses, how can our Heavenly Father forgive us our trespasses."

But the Captain thinks that while God is no respecter of persons, He is a respecter of character, and in His sight the old poke-bonnetted negro is by far superior to the shop-keeper and his wife.

God's blessings are given to us as the dew and rain, softly, quietly, and abundantly. Many of us are half discontented that they come so, and try to provide a more noisy way ourselves.

A Declaration of the Rights of Jesus Christ.

Catherine Booth-Clibborn

"Ye are my friends if yo do whatsoever I command you." JESUS CHRIST.

Jesus Christ Declares—

I.

"No man can serve two masters. . ."

II.

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."

III.

"Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be My disciple."

IV.

"He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me; he that loveth son or daughter, more than Me is not worthy of Me."

V.

"He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

VI.

"Everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold in this present time, and shall inherit everlasting life."

VII.

". . . Go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow Me."

VIII.

"Follow Me and let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the Kingdom of God."

The Apostle Paul Declares—

IX.

"We are fools for Christ's sake."

X.

"We are made as the filth of the world and the offscouring of all things unto this day."

XI.

"I have suffered the loss of all things and count them but dung."

XII.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

THE French Revolutionists published a document known all over the world as "The Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Citizen." This was to form the chart of a new era, and the basis of modern civilization. And that same idea of establishing the rights of all men has been the central preoccupation of the whole of the last century. But how far has humanity succeeded in thus bringing about universal happiness and prosperity? Are we not as far from these as we were a century ago?

Why has it been so? Simply because the basis chosen was wrong. It should have been "The Declaration of the Rights of Jesus Christ."

Any revolution whose main-spring is other than this must fail. We Salvation Army officers are working at a great revolution. Are we all clear on these central truths?

These declarations of Jesus Christ and St. Paul mean everything—or nothing. No honest man dare pretend that this is "figurative language," or these passages describe an ideal to which one may aspire without ever being able to realize, and that the life of Christ's disciples is a vague and indefinite state.

No; these words, so clear, so thorough, refer to the only life which can influence this poor lost world, and bring souls home to God. If you will not admit this, then you must throw overboard three parts if not the whole of the Epistles and almost the entire Gospels. For the spirit of the New Testament and the experience of St. Paul lose all sense if the above are only vain words.

The Epistles are brimful of this blessed, free, reckless, apostolic life. If it does not exist then they become utterly incomprehensible.

Whence this barrenness in the efforts and lives of those who call themselves Christians?

Why is the advancement of Christ's kingdom so slow? This terrible question has been settled long ago in my mind. It is because this life, this real, apostolic life has disappeared among God's people, and if there remains something of it, it is more in theory than in practice—with rare, rare exceptions! How offer in the worst living Christian circles have I been confounded and my heart wounded in hearing the reasonings and arguments brought forward against living this life and the manner in which the rights of Jesus are understood. Some say, "That is a beautiful ideal;" others, "These words were only addressed to the apostles," forgetting that Jesus spoke them not only to His disciples, but to the unconverted crowd around Him!

THE MARECHALE.

You Pray and Long for Apostolic Power, but will not Live the Apostolic Life.

You desire the fruit of a consecrated life without the real renunciation and daily sacrifice that life involves. Here lies the secret of the barrenness of a multitude of lives, the reason prayers remain unanswered, and the cause of this shameful weakness in the face of the enemy.

In many instances it is not light or conviction that is needed, but willingness to take up the cross and make the sacrifice God and a dying world asks of us.

The life of Jesus Christ is simple. Why have the children of God made it so complicated? A little child who reads the above passages understands at first sight that they mean "all or nothing," but our cunning and deceitful hearts, our duplicity, our self-seeking, our fear of suffering and our cowardice, have robbed these passages of their clear and transparent meaning, and filled and complicated them by a thousand selfish considerations.

"What will my family say? My mother, my father, my brothers—what will they think of me?"

What about the family of Jesus Christ—His family for whom He died, His brothers, His interests, where do they place them? How comes it that the level of Christianity-service in the past has fallen so low? How is it that far from being scandalized when one opposes to the interests of Jesus Christ his own interests, to His family his own family, forgetting the world is going to hell? On the contrary, we are scandalized when the "absolute rights of Jesus Christ over our lives and possessions are put forward." Ah! what has become of this indulgent, compromising Christianity? We have betrayed the cause of Jesus, we have betrayed the light. We betray every day our own consciences. We know perfectly well what God asks of us, but we will not admit it—we seek to convince ourselves of what we are by no means convinced concerning.

This is treason, high treason! God has chosen us to defend His cause, and we defend that of our earthly interests. He has called us to live for His family and we choose to live for our own. Ah, there was no doubt about His life. He sought us right on to Golgotha without turning aside for an instant from the road of sacrifice. He was faithful to the salvation of our souls, ours whom He made His family. He calls us to-day to follow in the same Road of the Cross—there is no other to save the world. The devil has invented many others, and is exceedingly clever at explaining away the meaning of Christ's words, but

I Defy Any One to Save on any Other Path than that of the Cross.

One can have, and practice a religion, one can preach Christ, but one cannot save.

I maintain that it is absolutely impossible to save without consenting "to lose your life"—to count all but loss for Christ's sake. I do not say it is impossible to lead men to the penitent form, but I say it is impossible to save the world, to bring in Christ's kingdom, to communicate Divine life that you do not possess, or to carry souls to a higher level than you are yourself. The art of saving souls is Divine, not human, and this wonderful Divine gift is not given to the first-comer, or to him who will not pay the price. It is necessary that "one die for the people," and it is just in proportion as we consent to die that His life can be spread. Here is the pivot of Christianity. Do you wish the kingdom of God to come through you? It will come, if you will consent to die—die to your own interests, die to your personal ambitions; die to what your family, your friends and the world think of you; die to all this inner world which agitates and preoccupies us so much—this world of tastes, preferences likes and dislikes, and many other things to which we hold more or less—die where we love, die where it costs us the most.

Ah, Renounce that Idol! Abdicate the Throne of Self Cut off that Right Hand.

Chase that hidden sin, known only to your own heart, which has broken your communion with God and driven His blessed spirit from you. You know that God has called you to be His apostle. Light has shone on your path. You have heard His voice: "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." You have tried in vain to quiet your conscience with the old, well-used pretexts. All the time there has been a death-knell in your heart. You know you ought to leave father and mother, houses and lands, to let the dead bury their dead—and to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth!

But I go a step further. If some refuse to leave all to serve, others think they they have left all and profess to have chosen this apostolic life who have not done so in reality, although they preach the cross of Christ, and persuade others to take up their cross. They have not taken up their own. They have never given their future to God once and forever. They have certain reserves—a back-door for escape in case of emergency. The vessels are not burned behind. They have not renounced this subtle self-seeking, which perhaps no one sees, but for which they are daily condemned.

Oh, what a sum of force, time and thought is thus imperceptibly wasted and stolen from God's kingdom! Never till you have settled the points of controversy in your own heart, can you rise to be the reckless, desperate, baptized apostle you ought and are called to be!

There are others, again, who have known this life and power, but who, little by little, have lost it—not by any great disobedience, but in taking back in their heart what was given to God; in reconciling the life of self with the Christ-life; in looking after the flesh a little more; in appropriating to themselves what was not theirs, but God's, since they had given it to Him. Little by little the fact of being detached from earth and earthly things has passed away from life into theory. Pre-occupations have crowded into their lives. There are many things which appear very legitimate and plausible, which, alas! everyone is ready to approve; but they feel and know—you know—that you have come down from that glorious level of absolute abandonment to which God called you.

When Christ and His interests have the first place in our hearts, then all is simple, and it is victory everywhere; but if it is not so, then there is terrible complication, terrible controversy and suffering; and although you may continue exteriorly in the same way, yet you are a backslider, and you betray the cause of Jesus, which demands an absolute service from each of us.

Why remain in this state? Face on your knees what you are, and what you might be! Yield every doubtful thing, and, having finished with yourself, enter into communion with Christ and His sufferings and get to know the power of His resurrection, then you will experience—

"His yoke is easy,
His burden my delight;
No cross can displease me,
His love makes all so bright."

OUR WITNESS BOX.

The following testimonies from Mandan, N. D., speak for themselves:

"I have but one talent, but I am going to do my level best. I feel satisfied with Jesus here."—Bro. Carlson.

"I feel that God is blessing me wonderfully. While travelling sometimes I look up and say 'I'm so glad that Jesus is mine.'"—Father Mitchell.

"All is well with my soul. If I follow on I know he will bless me in the future."—Sergt.-Major Mitchell.

"I never mean to run away. I've found Him to be true."—Mrs. R. Mitchell.

"I feel like going on. I've got something good to hold to."—Mrs. H. Coombs.

"I'm a soldier of the King. I am more determined than ever to press on. By His grace I mean to be true and faithful."—Bro. Smidell.

"I feel like going on. I'd be a queer genius if I felt like going back."—Bro. Clark.

"I thank God for the privilege of not only living for Him, but of working for Him."—Mrs. Clark.

"I thank God that I can say I am living for Jesus."—Mrs. Roby.

"I have peace and joy within my soul. I mean to go on."—Sister Kristousin.

"I praise God that I am in the straight and narrow path."—Mrs. Johnston.

"I am saved, happy, contented, freely, fully given up to God to live and die in the fight."—Capt. Campbell.

The above extracts are verbatim. We have other comrades that were not present, but they all witnes for God when opportunity affords.

I am happy, enjoying sweet rest of soul. My great aim is to be truly wise and win souls.—T. J. McGill, Capt.

SAY STRONG THINGS, BUT LET YOUR EDGE BE SMOOTH.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH AND GROUP OF SECRETARIES WHO ATTENDED THE SECRETARIAL COUNCIL IN CONNECTION WITH THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

Ensign Burrows. Capt. Jones. Capt. Jamieson. Lieut. Morris. Capt. Green. Capt. Griffith.
Ensign Griffith. Capt. Fisher. Staff-Capt. Minnice. Major Friedrich. Adjt. Stanyon Cadet Easton. Lieut. Lemon.
Ensign Bird. Capt. Mountenay. Ensign Attwell. Ensign Fletcher.
Capt. Dodge. Capt. Bloss.

Ensign Burrows has been an officer also about eight years, travelling with the C. H. T. Band. He was also J. S. Secretary for the East Ontario Province for a short time, and is now in charge of the Corps and Shelter at the Ancient City of Quebec.

Capt. Jones is the Manager of the Boarding House, and keeps the books at the Industrial Farm, Toronto. He has seen nearly six and a half years service and is now doing his best to get the men who seek refuge at our Farm Colony converted.

Capt. Jamieson has spent most of her time at Territorial Headquarters, in the Trade, Financial, and Editorial Departments. She is a first class shorthand and typist, and is a good soldier at Riverside corps, where she teaches a company of Juniors.

Lieut. Morris, of the General Secretary's Department, was formerly of the Trade Department. He is a member of the famous Staff Band, and works among figures, letters, and various other branches of work.

Capt. Mondell Green has been almost cradled in the S. A., and comes from the noted Green family of Peterboro, who used to travel around years ago when they wore very small. He is an accomplished musician on the violin; plays the clarionette and is a great base player, besides playing other instruments. He was bandmaster of the Peterboro Band and travelled with the E. O. P. String Band. He is at present in Brigadier Sharp's office, Kingston.

Capt. Griffith is also of the General Secretary's Department. Came to work at Headquarters seven years ago. Was in London for a year and a half, the rest of which has spent at T. H. Q. He is a member also of the Staff Band.

Ensign N. Griffith is a member of the Central Ontario Provincial Staff. Has been an officer for about eight years, most of which time has been spent at T. H. Q. and different Provincial H. Q's. Finds plenty to do in the line of statistics, letter-writing, etc. She also plays in the Staff Band.

Capt. Fisher is an officer of three or four years' standing. Has filled various positions in Corps work, office work, and specialling with musical troupes, etc. She is now in the Pacific Province.

Staff-Capt. Minnice is the Chancellor of the C. O. P. Is an old officer. Has fought in England, Scotland and Canada. A good deal of his time has been spent in Training Home work.

Major Friedrich was the "teacher" at the Secretarial Council, and filled the bill immensely, owing to his long experience in book-keeping and accounts previous to his coming into the Army. He was liked by all, and we were all sorry when the Council came to an end.

Adjt. Stanyon is not so well known, perhaps, as the rest, but he is a man of tact, push and ability. He was in command of the Kingston Corps and District upon his arrival from England, and is now Chancellor of the Central Ontario Province.

Cadet Easton has just entered the ranks as an officer, although she has been a soldier for a number of years. She is a renowned musician, and is in the Rescue Secretary's office at T. H. Q.

Lieut. Lemon is now in the Financial Department, after being engaged in different kinds of work in the Pacific Province and elsewhere. She was at Headquarters for some time before going out West. She is a shorthand and typist.

Ensign Bird has been an officer for eight years, and has travelled a good part of Canada with the Canadian Household Troops Band, and was Bandmaster of the Naval Brigade Band which travelled with the S. S. William Booth. He has been Cashier for the East Ontario Province at Kingston for the past two years, and is there at the present time.

Capt. Mountenay is one of the English twenty that came out to this country about three or four years ago, and has been at Territorial Headquarters, G. B. M. Agent, etc. He is now Cashier for the West Ontario Province, at London, Ont.

Ensign Attwell has been in the Army since his Junior days. He came out of Bristol, in England, and has been in the French-Canadian work, sub-Editor of the War Cry, Cashier, and is now in charge of Riverside Corps, Toronto.

Ensign Fletcher is the courteous young man who is in charge of the "Lifeboat" (Men's Shelter) and Wood Yard, of Toronto, and who supplied meals to the Secretaries while at Council. The officers all seem to like him, and he makes you feel at home when you get to the Shelter.

Capt. Dodge runs the Wood Yard in connection with the Toronto Shelter. The different positions he has filled are so numerous that we have not room here to name them. He has been an officer for a long time, and is now doing his best to make the Wood Yard a success.

Capt. Bloss is the latest arrival at H. Q. He has been in the Naval Brigade, Montreal, and other Corps, and is now in the Trade Department, assisting Staff-Capt. Horn. He plays a slide trombone in the Staff Band.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

By MRS. STAFF-CAPT. SMEETON.

We have just returned from Thanksgiving dinner, and I must tell you how thoughtful the little boy was for the needs of the Childer's Shelter. After we were all seated at the table, the box was passed round, and a nice little sum collected, much to the delight of the children present. Did you remember Lazarus on Thanksgiving Day? If not, you must be sure to remember him at the Christmas festivities.

* * * *

Have you ever noticed how pleased the little children are with the Grace-Before-Meat Box? I have had several letters this week telling me of the interest manifested by them. Ensign Wright's little Hattie loves it so much that she not only drops her coppers into it, but like some little girls would do with their dollies, takes it in her arms and goes to sleep with it.

From Mrs. Ellis, of Charlottetown, comes a very cheering letter, full of faith to exceed the last quarters' collections. Our comrade did service on the Light Brigade when in Glasgow a few years since, and is one of our staunchest friends and workers. When her friends from a distance come to spend the summer's vacation they do not return home without a little box wherein to drop the "crumbs."

* * * *

For some time past the Toronto Local Agents have been rather deserted by the P. A. The needs of the outlying towns have been so pressing, but Capt. Cummins has had his eyes open and a nice little plan is in his mind for the city, which is to be unfolded in the early part of December.

* * * *

Now Local Agents and Box-holders, and all those who ought to be among these numbers, rally to his help, and make the Queen city an example of what unity, faith and works can do.

The Baby Band to the Front.

Hamilton, Ber.—The band boys and Capt. Carter deserves lots of credit for the very successful manner in which the recent musical meeting went off. There were a few songs that are worthy of special mention—a dialogue by Captain Carter and Bro. Money, "The worldly bandsman and the S. A. bandsman," then there was a quintette by Sergt. Simmons, Bros. Haynor, Sattus, Bedenfield and Capt. Carter, then all of the bandboys sang, "One more river over Jordan," which was very good and all seemed to enjoy themselves. I might say that the hall was well filled and many hearts were cheered by the lovely music. May God bless our band and may they grow stronger in the love of the Lord.—F. H. B.

Angels and archangels might envy the doing of the work that lies around on every hand in your town or city to-day.

The Christmas War Cry

will be a wonderful

Five Cents Worth.

FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH

Will contribute a charming story for the children, entitled.

"Old Tiff."

Also a strikingly original and distinctly Christmas article.

"The Stable Door."

This splendid article will occupy the central pages of the War Cry, and will be accompanied by a beautiful half-tone reproduction of a new picture by a great French artist

We expect also to receive a

MESSAGE FROM THE GENERAL,

Specially for the soldiers and friends of the Territory, also

A Holiness Article by Mr. Bramwell Booth, Chief of the Staff.

Amongst the other contributors will be Brigadiers Margetts, Coplin, Blanche J. Read, Majors Gaskin, Southall and others. We can say certainly this number will be one of the most interesting we have ever published. Order at once of the Captain, or of Staff-Captain Horn, Trade Headquarters, Toronto, Can.

WAR CRY

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

As we go to press the Commissioner is again on the field, this time conducting important campaigns at Montreal and Ottawa. At the former city in St. James Church the Commissioner is doing a blessing of the same character as that conducted at Massey Hall. We have no doubt but that it will be in many senses a repetition also of that hitherto unparalleled triumph. These meetings of vast interest and unbounded influence not only mark an epoch in the war in the individual cities where they are held, but are already giving incalculable inspiration to the Territory in its widest extent, the smaller corps already testifying of the increased interest of outsiders in the local work, owing to the reports which they have read of the Army's late wonderful triumphs which have been copied and re-copied in newspapers far and near.

GIVE THE CHRISTMAS CRY TO THE PRISONER.

On the occasion of a visit to the Central Prison, Toronto, recently, one of the Editorial Staff noticed the large number of War Crys, and other Army periodicals, that were being taken to the prisoners in that institution. Commenting on the fact, he was informed that the prisoners would rather read the Cry than almost any other publication. There is quite a rush for the War Cry as soon as ever they see it. We cannot but praise God for this testimony from those who labor so devotedly for the welfare and enlightening of those dear men, who, to say the most, are but there as a consequence of their sin. Who can correctly estimate the result of this "bread cast upon the waters." With thrilling stories from life, simple, yet convincing testimonies, red-hot warnings that fill its columns the Cry ranks among the most potent factors for God and righteousness in the literature of the present day. The Field Commissioner is anxious that every prisoner throughout the Dominion should receive a copy of the Christmas number of the War Cry, and for this purpose would be glad to receive donations of a dollar and upwards. Address Miss Booth, S. A. Headquarters, Toronto. Mark envelope "Christmas Cry for Prisoners."

OUR XMAS YOUNG SOLDIER.

The Christmas number will contain interesting, articles which with special illustrations will make a bright, attractive, readable number. There promises to be big advances in this direction, it being decided to print on superior paper, which will materially aid the production of half-tone photos, sketches, etc. Needed—a little practical interest on the part of F. O's to ensure a permanent increase in the sales of the Young Soldier.

Territorial Themes.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETAY.

As intimated in a previous issue, the dates and places for the General's visits to the different parts of the Territory, have been definitely fixed. As far as possible in the short space of the six weeks that the General will be with us, it has been arranged for him to cover the chief centres from Halifax, in the East, to Victoria, in the West, so as to make it within the realms of possibility for every officer, soldier and friend, with a little manoeuvring to see and hear him who, through evil as well as through good report, has unflinchingly and victoriously led us on these thirty odd years. God bless the General!

* * * *

We might mention here, that it will save both you and us much inconvenience if you are kind enough to abstain from writing to know the reason the General does not come to your corps, or visit your city or town. He is coming to your country—your Province, and as near as possible to your corps, and having travelled a good deal more than half way to see and bless you, it is within reason at least to suggest that you go the balance of the distance to see and hear the General, to receive the blessing he brings, and in return to carry some blessing to him in the shape of fervent prayer and fiery faith exercised on his behalf.

* * * *

Practically speaking, every hour of the dear General's time has already been mapped out, for, worker that he is, he could not be happy unless this were really so. It would be useless, therefore, to request the General to spend more than twenty-four hours of each day in actual pressing warfare, minus the few short hours of necessity taken for feed and sleep.

* * * *

The General will commence his Canadian Campaign at the Chief City in New Brunswick—St. John—on Tuesday, January 4th, where he will conduct Officers' Councils, Soldiers' Councils, salvation and other meetings, till Friday, January 21st, at which date he will visit Yarmouth, N. S., proceeding thence to Halifax for the Saturday, Sunday and Monday following, holding forth in the renowned Academy of Music.

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The General will then take a through trip to Montreal, to conduct a two days' engagement in the great St. James Methodist Church. Following this will come Ottawa, Kingston, Peterboro, and other places.

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Already applications have been made for reserved seats for the General's meeting in Massey Hall. If, therefore, you intend to do yourself the pleasure and justice of hearing the greatest reformer of the age, you had better book ahead.

* * * *

You are going to miss the greatest treat of the year if you do not secure a copy of the Christmas Cry, which, without doubt, will be the best paper production issued by the Army in this Territory up to date. Contents' list now in the hands of your officers will give you some idea of what you may expect it to be.

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Although no great boast has been made, the sum of $3,915 is being divided among the Field Officers of this Territory in the form of Clothing Club Cheques. No mean gift that! God add to those who receive it, His choicest best blessings.

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Brigadier Read, Adjt. Stanyon, Capt. T. H. Adams and Capt. Brooks are all farewelling from the C. O. P. on Sunday, December 5th. More about these comrades and other changes in next issue.

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There was more accomplished in that marvellous Massey Hall meeting than "the rags" revealed, or the surface showed. One or two deputations have already waited upon the Field Commissioner beseeching that the meeting be repeated, while rumors have reached us that other city communities claim it would take at least seven successive nights to give all who want to witness it, an opportunity to do so. We expect to hear of like results following the Commissioner's Montreal meeting.

* * * *

One dear old lady, we are told, was at the Massey Hall soon after 4 p.m. to make sure of getting a seat. She also had several dollars in her possession to lay on the altar. In the rush which followed, the poor soul got nonplussed, and not only did she fail to gain an entrance, but lost her money as well. After all this, the patient believing creature exclaimed when returning home, "God knows the money was started for Him, and it will get to Him somehow yet."

* * * *

Capt. and Mrs. Lacey, late of the Hamilton Shelter, are down for a Western appointment. Others, too, may shortly expect to hear the somewhat familiar phrase, "Young man, go West."

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Nothing is more pleasing than the fact that among the increasing number of candidates' cases which reach Territorial Headquarters, are a good sprinkling of ex-officers desirous of returning to the fold. Wherever it is possible to favorably consider same, the Field Commissioner is only too delighted to do so.

J. E. M.

Weekly News.

The report of a collision between French and British troops in Africa is unfounded. The situation is considered a very delicate one.

After traversing three miles of dangerous defiles, the Fourth Brigade of the British Punitive Exhibition, under General Sir William Lockhart, reached Datoi. The British loss amounted to ten men.

It is said that there is no less than fifty European prisoners held captive by pirates from Morocco, who refuse to accept the proffered ransom because it is not large enough. It is expected that some of the powers will take action in the matter.

Marshal Blanco, the Captain-General of Cuba, has been authorized by the Government at Madrid to sign a credit for $100,000 to be devoted to the relief of the suffering peasants who have gathered in the vicinity of the town occupied by the Spanish troops.

Riot and disorder has prevailed in the Austrian Reichsrath during the past week. The disgraceful scenes have culminated in the resignation of the Ministry and the formation of a new Cabinet under Baron Gautsch, the former Minister of Public Institution.

A huge masonry wharf 200 metres long on the River Tagus, suddenly subsided, and completely disappeared in the river bed. An official examination disclosed the fact that the wharf which was but recently constructed at a cost of $250,000, rested on mud. No one was hurt in the collapse.

According to Mr. Broomhall, the statistician of the English grain trade, the aggregate production of wheat, including reserves, is 25,000,000 quarters short of the estimated requirements of the current season. He further adds that nothing but a plentiful yield in Argentina in the coming harvest can prevent an absolute dearth of bread stuffs inEurope.

Lawrence McCarthy, probably the oldest man in the world, and the last survivor of the combatants at Waterloo, has just died in the workhouse at Nenagh, Tipperary, Ireland, aged 115 years. McCarthy was born early in 1788, and had a vivid recollection of the horrors of the rebellion of 1798. He attained his 33rd year when he fought in Waterloo, where he was severely wounded.

Reports from Dawson City tell of threatened food famine. John W. Braner, the United States Mail Carrier, who left Dawson on Sept. 27th, said, "Terrible suffering will be the fate of the Dawson miner unless he leaves there before the spring. The average food supply was four months, but many did not have a month's. The restaurant closed. It had been selling nothing but beef steak for which the hungry paid $2.50.

THE GENERAL IS COMING.

We are now able to inform our readers of the places the General will visit in the East. Make your arrangements early. The largest possible building will be secured so as to enable the greatest number to see and hear the Army's great veteran leader.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 18th 19th and 20th.

YARMOUTH, N. S., Fri., Jan. 21st.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sat., Sun. and Mon., Jan. 22nd, 23rd and 24th.

MONTREAL, Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 26th and 27th.

OTTAWA, Fri., Jan. 28th.

MIXTURES.

The Stratford Herald contains an excellent report of Adjt. McAmmond's wedding.

It appears that Capt. McCutchon is to blame for no report of Adjt. McAmmond's wedding having reached the office. Which the two "Mac's" must whatever will happen?

Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Rennie, of Little Current, with some comrades from Sucker Creek Reserve, paid a visit to the Indians of White Fish River. Their visit was much enjoyed, and we trust much good may result from it.

Riverside has a new War Cry hustler who enters the list this week for the first time. Her name is Carwardine. She is a War Cry Sergeant, and has done well for a long time, but living in the country it is difficult to make up the 20 sales necessary for entrance into the Honor Roll on account of the distance she has to traverse.

The Editor has received a letter from Adjt. Dave McAmmond in which the newly-married warrior gives his testimony. Here it is:—"Now, personally, to say that I am satisfied with married life is far too tame a way of expressing myself. I am more than satisfied. We are rushing S.-D. for all we are worth, and are in to reach our target of $200."—D. F. McAmmond, Adjt.

Major Gaskin, assisted by comrades Verral and McFarland conducted a meeting in St Clarens Avenue Church (Rev. Mr. Brown, Pastor). The subject was our Social and Rescue Work. Testimonies were given during the meeting, a striking one being that of a prodigal who had wandered for years, but who wherever he went seemed always to fall in with the Salvation Army, until at last he returned home, got saved, and concluding said, "Let every corps keep a drum if no other instrument."

It appears that on one or two occasions the War Cry has referred to Capt. Stolliker as "that Indian veteran," from which remark the inference has been made that Capt. Stolliker is a decrepid old man of a very ancient type. We wish to correct this impression and to say that Capt. Stolliker is still a sprightly young man. He rides a wheel to and from the Trade Headquarters where he is a conscientious worker day by day. He also is War Cry Sergt.-Major at Riverside, and has one of the best organized War Cry Brigades in the country.

Guelph.—Thursday night a beautiful case of conversion, the result of the meeting the Sunday evening previous. Captain had spoken to this sister as she was leaving the barracks and asked her if she was saved. She said, "No." "Well, you ought to be," he said. Those words never left her. After striving in vain against the Spirit, she yielded herself to God, and rose from His feet a saved girl, her face fairly beaming with joy. Both her and her sister, who was saved a short time ago, are taking their stand as soldiers. More to follow. To God be all the glory.—Jennie Bole.

Mighty Triumph AT MONTREAL.

MISS BOOTH CONDUCTS Great Altar Service at St. James Methodist Church.

(Special.)

MAGNIFICENT crowds. The largest Methodist Church in the Dominion packed. Crowds turned away.

Intense interest throughout Commissioner's unique service. Her masterly address captivated audience. People applauded same to the echo.

Splendid altar results—over $1,000, including amount so far collected by corps.

The Late Henry George.

THE LATE HENRY GEORGE.

The following quotations from the General's recent writings will be interesting to our readers, many of whom may have seen and heard the great reformer.

"I was making my auto preparations, prior to my departure for Ireland, on Saturday afternoon, when an officer announced the above melancholy event. I say melancholy, because Henry George is a real loss to mankind. A great many readers of the Cry will know him as the talented, persistent opponent of all private ownership in land. He argued that it was as reasonable for private individuals to own the waters of the sea, or the air we breathe, as to possess any private property in land. I never endorsed these opinions. Like many more doctrines which are, possibly, applicable to a perfect state, they appear to be utterly impossible in the present upsidedown condition of things; but I admire the abilities, the wide and generous nature, the deep sympathies for the sons and daughters of toil, displayed by Henry George, at every turn.

He admired the Salvation Army. I remember showing him over the Training Homes when he was on a visit to England some ten years ago. My dear wife was present. She had read his principal work, and sympathized with his views so far as she understood them. Mr. George was immensely impressed with the Cadets, and with the tone and character of the place generally. At parting, he whispered to me, "General, this is the coming revolution, and you are the leader of it."

I saw him again in the States. He came to my last salvation meeting in New York. It was a terribly stormy night, and I was surprised to see him out. But he appeared to be deeply interested in the service. Nearly three years have passed since then. He was the candidate for the position of Mayor of New York, and seemed to be within measurable distance of the post. The press generally admits that that if he had not been the first in the race, he would have been a good second. The excitement was intense. The work he put into it was herculean: it was too much for him. In the midst of it he has suddenly smitten down and hurried away. He was not a Salvationist, but he was, I think, a true worshipper of God and a genuine lover of the poor.

I am not without a measure of serious awe at the thought of death, and more particularly of sudden death. To be whirled away like a flash of lightning, as Henry George seems to have been, without a single word of warning, is appalling enough from many points of view, and especially to those who love you and stand by, paralysed, looking on, and who, at best, are left behind. But life, in its most serious aspects, always seems to me to fall little short of death itself.

To be responsible at every turn, to the utmost extent of your opportunity and ability, for the welfare of the souls of the men, women and children around you, and have to stand up some day before the great Throne and give an account of the way that responsibility has been discharged, appears to make life almost too heavy a burden to carry, too difficult a task to fulfill."

COSMOPOLITAN PERSONALIA.

Commissioner Higgins is still far from well.

Staff-Capt. Symons is to commence the work in Hong Kong.

Adjt. Widgery, of British Guiana, is to open fire at the Barbadoes.

Commissioner Ridsdel, from the Cape, will visit England in December.

Major Margaret Allen is on a ten days' Naval and Military tour in Yorkshire.

Mansfield, Ohio, will be opened in the near future by Ensign Virgin and Capt. Riggs.

Commissioner Ridsdell's son Ernest has developed into a skillful typist and shorthand writer.

Brigadier Barritt has high anticipations for his forthcoming tour in the Orange Free State.

Brigadier Howe conducted by invitation a church service at Brak Revin, South Africa, during his recent tour.

The South African Commissioner has firm faith in cold water. He takes his morning plunge all the year round.

Canada's old comrade, Ensign Florence Kinton, now of Australasian warfare, has been promoted to the rank of Adjutant.

Brigadier Addie is asking for one day's pay from every soldier as a Thanksgiving offering unto the Lord in Thanksgiving week.

Staff-Capt. Swain and Adjt. Stevens were both members of surpliced choirs before joining the Army, but were not, alas, converted at that time.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth's recent meeting in Manchster was reported as being the most successful and influential Social Campaign ever held in that city.

Commissioner Carleton lost his voice for twenty-four hours at Child's Hill, having performed some energetic fighting in the interests of the winter campaign.

The Marechale has just concluded a triumphant tour in the Southern Division of her Territory, and has now commenced in the North of Holland to visit almost every corps.

Capt. Alexander, a Salvation cyclist, of South African fame, celebrated his twenty-third spiritual birthday by placing a thankoffering of twenty-three shillings on the drum head.

Mrs. Commissioner Ridsdell's Rescue tour at the Randt has been very successful. The drawing-room meetings and public gathering at Pretoria was especially resultful in financial help.

The J. S. Sergt.-Major and Young Soldier Sergeant of Cleveland III., Ohio, divide the boys and girls, taking one party in one direction, the other in another and boom the Young Soldier.

Brigadier Addie, of the Ohio and Kentucky Chief Divisions has sent each soldier a table of targets for every corps in the Division during the fall and winter campaign. This is a first rate thing, and shows everybody at a glance what the Division, as a whole, as well as each corps, should aim at. Ten corps are to opened and several new Social Institutions in the Ohio and Kentucky Chief Divisions.

World Wide NEWS

The yearly balance sheet of our work in South Africa is now in the printers' hands.

The acetylene light used at the Woodgreen open-airs in England is proving decidedly successful.

Self-Denial Week in Germany will be from December 5th to 12th. The target has been fixed at 10,000 marks ($2,500).

The Sunday evening open-airs in Wellington Square, Calcutta, are conducted in English, Bengali, and Hindustani.

An ex-officer, in begging to come back to the Indian work, offered to bring with him five candidates as a peace-offering.

A new Tamil song book is being issued, most of the cost of whose production is being met by the subscription of friends.

A great Social Exhibition is to be held in the large Madison Stroncken Hall, Amsterdam, Holland, Nov. 30th, Dec. 1st and 2nd.

The Rinderpest still raging around Zululand, has attracted the Catherine Booth settlement, and carried off the first cow.

A lassie Cadet and smart War Cry seller disposed of ten dozen copies of the War Cry one Saturday at the Cape Town railway station.

A Naval and Military comrade at Ladysmith, Natal, has turned his tent into a glory shop and already eight men have sought the Lord.

Denmark's two baby corps, Odder and Gilsele, are progressing. Another corps started in Copenhagen makes the ninety-sixth in that country.

The worst character in Melbourne, South Australia, sought salvation at a meeting conducted by one of our staff officers' wives recently.

Brigadier Cribborn reports favorably on the Army's progress in Italy. He has had splendid meetings at th re-opening of Leghorn and in Florence.

In the Maratha Country, generally spoken of as a hard battle-ground, toil and devotion have succeeded in raising a force of over 1,000 Salvationists, every one of whom has been converted from heathenism.

Reports from the new Cape Town Workman's Metropole, after that institution has been open one fortnight, showed steady increases in the nightly attendances. The highest then recorded was 8[illegible] in one night.

Brigadier Wilmot's new Headquarters are to be at King Williams Town, which will bring him nearer to Zululand, the Amatosas and generally give him better facilities for prosecuting his devoted Secretaryship of Native affairs.

The Bulawayo pioneers have at last reached their destination. The crowds of godless heathens amongst whom they are to work have not received them altogether Rinday, and they have had some apostolic experiences, but they are holding on and have faith for victory.

A certain battle-ship has a splendidly-organized Naval and Military Brigade working on board. Two of the members play violins and one the harmonium, while they all sing. The last report tells of a salvation campaign conducted on shore at which souls sought salvation.

At the commissioning of the thirty-eight banushen attached to the Regent Hall Corps, Lieut.-Colonel Whatmore asked every who could play a brass instrument before joining the Army to rise to their feet. Not one moved. Another proof that the Salvation Army has developed nearly all its musical talent.

While on his inspection tour through Queensland the Commandant had a long interview with Sir Horace Tozer, the acting Premier, who viewed the Commandant's various schemes for Social developments with favor, intimating that the Government will be prepared to render such assistance as will considerbaly relieve us from financial anxiety in their carrying out.

To facilitate the getting into working order for the new ground acquired in Australasia for Social Farms, Labor Colonies, etc., the Commandant has arranged to get a big detatchment of Headquarters officers transported to the base of operations and become pro tem a Salvation hive of industry. These comrades will start to work at wire fencing, digging, tree felling, etc. The idea is an inspiration.

Like a Charm.

Specially for the Children.

THE

YOUNG SOLDIER CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Buy it for the Bairns.

Colored Ink.

CONTENTS

PARTIAL LIST.

"OLD TIFF." By the FIELD COMMISSIONER.

"A STORY OF THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER." Mrs. Brigadier Read.

"MY FIRST CHRISTMAS IN THE ARMY." Major Gaskin.

"YULE-TIDE IN A YORKSHIRE VILLAGE." Staff-Capt. Hargrave.

"TRIP'S CHRISTMAS EVE." Adjutant Page

Lots of pretty pictures and other good matter for the little ones.

PRICE ONLY ONE CENT.

The New Zealand Rescue Home at Wellington, is quite full.

A splendid drawing-room meeting was held in the Lord Mayor's parlor, at Manchester, at which Mrs. Bramwell Booth spoke. Amongst the many influential friends who, in addition to the Lady Mayoress, supported his lordship were: Rev. Canon Hicks, M. A., Rev. A. Mackennal, D. D., Rev. A. Goodrich, D. D., Rev. Principal Scott, D. D., Rev. Marshall Randles, D. D., Rev. S. F. Collier, and other notable people.

Where Art Thou?

"Where art thou?" These words were said to Adam by God just after he had sinned by eating the forbidden fruit in the garden. Adam tried to form an excuse by saying, "I heard Thy voice in the garden and was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself," which excuse only went to reveal his sin. Those three words are for you, sinner: "Where art thou?" Don't try to form an excuse, as many people do, but set to work to define your position, and if a sinner, finding yourself on the brink of eternal ruin and damnation, repent and get in favor with God. There is no time to make excuses; time is short, eternity is long, and will be bitter to you if you repent not. Or you may be a professor, who at one time was all on fire for God. Nothing too hard for you to do for Him, no sacrifice too great for you to make, no cross too heavy for you to bear, and you were enjoying the smile and favor of God, but you tasted of the forbidden fruit and where are you to-day? Things are changed—you have a name to live, but are dead—no power, no life, no spirit, cross heavy, you complain of the way, making many excuses. Your excuse will not profit you. What you have to do is to confess that you have tasted the forbidden fruit and have since been hiding behind profession. Now come to the light, ask God's forgiveness and get filled with the spirit.

GEO. KENWAY, Ensign.

EMIGRATION.—"BEAVER LINE OF STEAMSHIPS" between Canada and the Old Country.—To those who have an idea of going abroa we shall be pleased to furnish particulars of sailing accommodation and rates of passage given by the above Steamboat Company, for which we are agents For Salvationists we can offer special rates for either first, second or third class passengers by any of the Beaver line of boats. Full information may be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN SHERON, corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

HONOR ROLL.

NOTE.—Owing to the immense distances which have to be covered before the War Cry and Young Soldier reach their destinations, and the fact that three million copies of the Young Soldier and War Cry are issued annually, thus necessitating a big weekly issue, War Cry and Young Soldier sellers must not reckon on seeing their names appear for a month after their sale-total is sent to the office.—Brigadier Compin, Ed.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	400
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont.	240
Mrs. Ensign Frazer, New Glasgow	200
Cand. Skedden, Hamilton I.	190
Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple	188
Sergt. Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	170
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	156
Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg	150
Cand. Ringler, Strathroy	135
Lieut. Lloyd, Portage la Prairie	135
Lieut. Dora, Picton, Ont.	130
Cadet Strong, Winnipeg	125
Capt. Clarke, Fredericton	116
Cadet Langid, Spokane	113
Father Armstrong, St. John III, N.B.	110
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow	105
Sergt. Flossie Smith Wallaceburg (av. 2 wks)	104
Sergt. Bruss, Hamilton I.	100
Ensign Walker, Belleville	100
Lieut. Barner, Brandon	100
Father Dixon, Temple	94
Capt. Bailey, Spokane	93
Capt. McNaney, St. Albans, Vt.	91
Ensign Staiger, St. Albans, Vt.	91
Capt. Hill, Montreal II.	90
Sergt. Morrison, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks)	86
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2 wks)	85
Adjt. Aikenhead, Halifax I.	82
Lieut. Blodgett, Sarnia	80
Capt. Ward, Pembroke	70
Sergt. Mrs. Barber, Kingston	67
Lieut. Crutch, St. Johns, Nfld., (av. 2 wks)	66
Capt. Graham, Edmonton	65
Sis. Louie Maddiss, Brandon	65
Capt. Stutta, Prescott	62
Sergt. Mrs. Simons, Kingston	61
Lieut. Bacon, Montreal II.	60
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C., (av. 2 wks).	56
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	55
Lieut. Krell, New Westminster (av. 2 wks)	53
Capt. French, Petrboro	52
Mrs. Dawson, Guelph	52
Sergt. Mrs. Crane, Fredericton	52
Capt. Slater, Dundas	51
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	50
Capt. May, New Westminster (av. 2 wks)	46
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.	46
Lieut. Woodgate, Newmarket	45
Capt. LeDrew, Brandon (av. 2 wks)..	45
Ensign Scott, Sarnia	45
Sergt. Annie Downey, Kingston	44
Sis. Suddard, Kingston	43
Sergt. Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	43
Capt. Brown, St. Johns I, Nfld., (av. 2 wks)	43
Lieut. Meeks, Feversham	42
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	40
Lieut. Peers, Paris	40
Sergt. Duncan, Montreal I.	40
Sergt. Howell, Riverside	37
Mrs. Capt. Coate, Trenton	36
Cadet Gains, Victoria, B. C., (av. 2 wks)	36
Bro. Edgar Vallis, Hamilton, Ber., (av. 2 wks)	36
Capt. Bowers, Victoria, B. C., (av. 2 wks)	35
Capt. Stoliker, Riverside	35
Sergt. A Smith, Hamilton, Ber., (av. 2 wks).	34
Mary Robinson, Riverside	33
Treas. Veale, Barre, Vt.	32
Lieut. Liddell, Barre, Vt.	32
Lieut. Barrett, Brockville	31
Capt. Huntington, Paris	30
Mrs. Perkins, Barre, Vt.	30
Capt. Banks, Barre, Vt.	30
Mrs. Greene, Peterboro	30
Capt. Coate, Trenton	29
Capt. Dwyer, Portage la Prairie	27
Sergt.-Major Seabeck, Brockville	27
Carrie Conrad, Halifax I.	26
Maggie Beatty, Fredericton	26
Capt. Rees, Goderich	25
Bro. Johnson, Hamilton I.	25
Bro. Cuss, Hamilton I.	25
Capt. Hart, Temple	24
Sis. N. Hersey, Kingston	23
Mary Pollock, Fredericton	23
Sis. Boatser, Fredericton	22
Blanche Ferguson, Halifax I.	22
Sergt. Wm. Stevens, Riverside	22
Father Giffin, Sarnia	20
Sergt. Sarah Carwardine, Riverside..	20
Father Curry, Hamilton II.	20
Capt. Norton, Hamilton II.	20
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.	20
Uncle George, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Stearmy, Picton	20
Mother Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sis. Dunbar, Montreal I.	20
Sis. Logie, Montreal I.	20
Lieut. Currie, Belleville	20
Sergt. Root, Belleville	20
Cand. Capper, Belleville	20
Minnie Woods, Peterboro	20
Jennie Bowering, Peterboro	20
Lieut. Sleeth, Pembroke	20

The names of the triumphant trio would have been disclosed this week, but we have held them over until next issue, hoping to be able to put in their photos as well. Who are the three? Of course you've all guessed! So have very many others, in fact some folks do nothing but guess the whole time. Have you guessed aright? See next week's Cry.

• • • •

List ye boomers all! We are planning a competition which will stir the ambition and determination of every Cry seller throughout the territory. At present the field is a wide one, and many have looked longingly, anxiously, and perhaps a wee bit vexedly at that tantalizing four hundred that has headed the list for so long.

• • • •

As a little morsel of encouragement we will add that in our coming battle the field will be limited, the circle narrowed. We propose beginning with the New Year's issue. Let every boomer get ready, and gird themselves for the fray.

• • • •

We should have mentioned last week that Butte has discovered a new boomer who threatens to make things lively round that direction. Sister Lena Forysbach is her name, her accomplishment being 89 Crys sold in saloons after the openairs on two recent evenings. Mrs. Adjt. Barnes asks what we think of that. Our answer is: Bravo! Bravissimo!! Accolorando!!!

• • • •

Certainly, Captain, certainly! This is in answer to Capt. Slater's request to put him up on our roll this week. We place thee between those two renowned Royal City boomers, Mrs. Scott and Dawson. Wouldst thou be placed still higher? Send along your totals.

• • • •

We have heard encouraging things of the S.-D. Cry. They say that it was THE CRY. If that's so, what will you call the Christmas one that's coming? If you would not incur the displeasure of your town folk, you had better increase your order for that number. It's a triumph!

• • • •

Is this a new phase of Cry booming? Goderich tells us of two sisters who went a-booming, whether in partnership or not we cannot say, but this is the result: Sisters McDougall and Brindley 133 War Crys. Does that mean one sold 130 and the other 3, or one 100 and the other 33. If so, which is which? Who's who? What's what? Dost thou cry halves? Halves it is. Sisters McDougall and Brindley 66½ copies each.

• • • •

Some of our hustlers have certainly got a big move on. Mrs. Skedden, of Hamilton I, to wit. We prophesy desperate battles in the near future twixt Hamilton and the Temple. Mrs. Pearse is one not easily beaten, especially when her totals are up near the two hundreds.

• • • •

Others have done equally well proportionately, but oh, how F. P. longs for the New Year, with its new leaf, new resolutions, renewed consecrations, new zeal, new increases in Cry sales, new names for the Honor Roll, new victories, new blessings, and above all new glories to the name and cause of our risen Lord. Let every one who purposes all this and more, say Amen! with

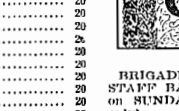
Yours affectionately,
FOUNTAIN PEN.

OLD YORKVILLE'S NEW HOME.

(Special.)

Splendid series of meetings Saturday and Sunday conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Read, assisted by specials from H. Q. Staff. The new hall admirable suitable and splendidly situated on Yonge St. Corps delighted. Full house Sunday afternoon and night. Splendid engagements. The enemy strongly entrenched but scattered. Two recruits yielded. Grand collections. Glorious prospects for the coming winter. Temple Band assisted Monday night. A meeting of real blood-and-fire type. One backslider returned. Hallelujah!

PRY.



BRIGADIER MARGETTS, with the STAFF BAND, will visit YORKVILLE on SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12th (night only).

ALL NEWS

From the Women's Social Department.

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

Look not back, but forward. Live for what is nearest thee, the present with its opportunities.

• • • •

Quite a change has taken place recently among the Women's Social Staff throughout the Territory.

• • • •

Ensign Tovell has gone to Newfoundland. Capt. Kerr, of Toronto, to Helena, Mont. Capt. Shannon, of Toronto, to Montreal.

• • • •

Major Pugmire is arranging for Lieut. Thomas to come to the Halifax Home.

• • • •

Ensign Fitzpatrick goes to Spokane to assist Mother Langtry.

• • • •

Church meetings are the order of the day for S.-D. in Toronto. We are having meetings in Queen St. Methodist, Trinity Methodist, Y. M. C. A. at Little York, etc.

• • • •

The League of Mercy work is going forward with good results throughout the Territory.

• • • •

Adjt. Langtry writes in splendid spirits about the prospects of Rescue Home success in Spokane.

• • • •

Adjt. Jost is also expecting greater things in St. John, N. B. Already the Lord has prospered the work much there, over one hundred girls have been rescued.

• • • •

Major Pugmire is pushing forward the interests of the Rescue work in his Province.

• • • •

The Field Commissioner has chosen a new motto for the Women's Social Staff. "Tis the pretty and suggestive one, "Love wins."

• • • •

Hamilton Rescue Home has had a nice organ donated by a lady in that city. "I wish you could hear us sing," writes Adjt. Jordan. "We have quite a choir."

• • • •

The contractors are working on our Central Rescue Home, Toronto. We hope to have it ready for our beloved General to open in February.

• • • •

We have just concluded a series of Rescue meetings in the city in connection with S.-D. The singing of the little ones from the Children's Home has given pleasure, and created much interest.

• • • •

The Temple Band rendered good service during these services at Yorkville, the Lisgar St. Band at Richmond St., and the Lippincott Band at Dovercourt. God bless them!

• • • •

The Women's Social Staff are having new sashes for special meetings. Very pretty deep crimson, with the word "Rescue," marked in electric blue silk.

• • • •

Look out for news re annual report soon to be in the hands of the press.

• • • •

Winnipeg Civic Council have given a municipal grant to our Rescue Home in the Prairie City.

• • • •

Two more weddings! Capt. Parkinson, late of the London Industrial Home, goes West to ——. Capt. Gibson, of Halifax, also assumes a new name. We wish them rich blessing. They have rendered faithful service in the Women's Social Work.

• • • •

Adjt. McDonald tells of continued victory in Halifax. She adds in a recent letter, "I do not think anyone sees the dark side of life as we do in our Rescue work. My heart bleeds for many whom I meet."

• • • •

A most enjoyable time was spent at the Y. M. C. A. at Little York. Mr. Cook, Secretary, introduced the Army. Prof. Wiggins presided at the piano. Ensign and Mrs. Attwell and Lieut. Lecocq rendered good service.

• • • •

"Sing the old songs of eight years ago," said a lady. "That is what we like here." Judging by the hearty singing the friends of Little York, as well as Riverside soldiers, enjoyed much. The band played well.

• • • •

"'Twas too short," was the opinion of some present—though we did talk and sing until just upon ten o'clock.

• • • •

Further news of the new Rescue booklet later on. This year it bears the attractive title by our dear Field Commissioner, "Love did it," and will have special features. Ready early in the New Year.

• • • •

Mrs. Hargrave is having some very profitable and interesting meetings in the Home of Incurables. Also Mrs. Horn, at the Mercer. Mrs. Ensign Kenning, too, is taking an active part in the League of Mercy. The Toronto League is prospering under Mrs. Gaskin's leadership. More League of Mercy news anon.

BEST THINGS.

The Editor asked a number of the Regular Correspondents what was the best thing they had heard lately. Here are some of the replies:

Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything.

SERGT.-MAJOR SEEDS,
Riverside.

The BEST THING I have seen or heard lately was our soldiers' meeting on Tuesday night, when God came in power and gave us much liberty. Not a dreary meeting by any means, but the Holy Spirit seemed to be working in the hearts of all present, two or three, who were unconverted being deeply convicted, in fact had been feeling the strivings of the Spirit for some days before and had come to the first meeting since Sunday. Great power accompanied the words of the Captain who took for his lesson Matthew 4th chapter. Some of us will never forget it. Above all, at the close two souls sought forgiveness at the Saviour's feet, one a poor woman who had been a terrible Victim to drink. May God bless them both, also the dear brother who was taken hold of in the open-air Saturday night and followed us to the barracks and we believe was converted, testifying to the fact on Sunday. To God we give all the glory. Yours in Him,

JENNIE SOLE, Guelph.

Dear Editor,—You want to know the BEST THING I've heard lately. Well, the latest and I think best was at our soldiers' last meeting, "How to keep saved."

REC. COR. McFARLAND,
Lisgar Street.

First, by coming out boldly before the public and testify in the first open-air meeting, praying every chance you get, keeping away from old evil companions, attending all meetings possible, erecting the family altar at home, reading your bible every day, coming out to knee-drill every Sunday morning for a fresh blessing, obeying your officers and giving them all the help you can, loving your comrades, abstaining from backbiting, from idle gossip, bearing your part of the battle and not leave the fighting to a few.

If you don't do all these it won't be long till you join the army of backsliders; then be careful of the vows you made when you were enrolled as a soldier and be true to them, and to God in all things. If every soldier would do that he or she will keep saved and not backslide.

I believe the army of backsliders outnumber the saved Army, and if they returned our barracks wouldn't hold them.

Motto: "Watch and pray always."

Amen. Cor. S.-M. McFARLAND,
Lisgar St. Corps.

G. B. M. LOOK-OUTS FOR THE NORTH-WEST.

Look out for new box-holders, and never mind waiting till the New Year, like Mrs. W—, at B—.

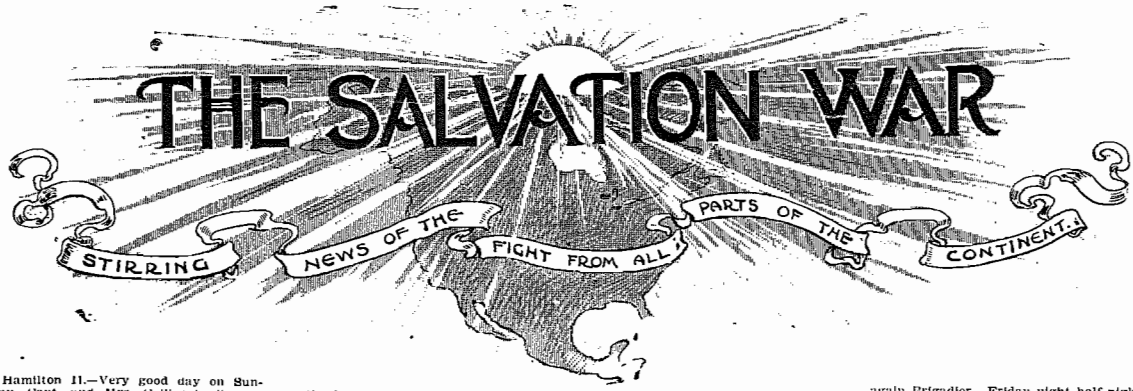
Look out for indifference that would make you settle down because a few get tired of their box, and give it in. The same spirit in you is manifest in them, and will ever be so, "world without end."

Look out for the North West rising to the top, above all the Provinces.

Look out and see if Bro. H. Gill, of Winnipeg, does not champion the world as an agent. 150 boxes and an average of $34 per quarter is his present standing.

Look out for new ideas and give them to the P. A. as he comes round, to pass on.

ENSIGN McKENZIE, P. A.



Hamilton II.—Very good day on Sunday, Capt. and Mrs. Collier leading at night. During the week one backslider returned to Father's home again.—Fred Burton, Capt.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.—Self-Denial is booming. You can count on poor old Moose Jaw. Three souls Sunday night. Victory! Victory!! Victory!!!—J. H. Middagh, R. C.

Picton, Ont.—We are still marching on to conquer. Self-Denial is all the cry. We are in for victory. While we trust in God we shall conquer.—Lieut. Dora for Capt. Comstock.

Gananoque.—Hallelujah! We had the big guns down from Kingston on Saturday and all day Sunday. Two souls in the Fountain and one enrolled. Praise God for victory.—C. A. Dickson.

Brandon, Man.—Good week-end. Sunday, God's power felt in our midst all day. Soldiers worked well. Finished our Self-Denial Sunday's fighting with three souls for salvation. Hallelujah! To God be all the glory.—Triforia.

Halifax Shelter.—Times of blessing of late. Souls are coming to God. Some grand cases. They are standing well. Sunday morning God came very near. A full hall of men gathered, and one came to God. The work is prospering.—H. S.

Brockville.—God is with us and is making Himself manifest in convicting and converting power. We are certain of victory. In regard to S.-D., God is going to help us. Prayer and faith will bring the victory.—E. E. Barrett, Lieut., for Capt.

Strathroy.—We have just had a visit from Adjt. Wiggins. The crowds were good considering the wet weather, and some powerful meetings were held. Although no one surrendered we believe much good was done. Come again, Adjt.—T. H. McLeod, Capt.

Campbellton, N. B.—One soul since last report. Interest increasing. Soldiers in good fighting spirit, and as a result, crowds better. Ensign Perry with us for special Lantern Service, which was enjoyed by all present. Yours for victory.—Capt. Taylor, Lieut. Dunn.

Montreal I.—Soul-reviving times here. On Sunday night two sisters cried for mercy, and found it to the joy of their souls. Others were seen weeping as they left the hall. We are all very busy collecting for Self-Denial, and all praying for victory. Too busy to write more.—W. J. B.

Woodstock.—This has been another blessed week to our souls. Praying and believing brings the victory; and we are having victory all along. Two precious souls came to Christ on Thursday last, and on Sunday five more sought God and His fullness. Not unto us but unto the Lord be the praise.—J. Paul, Reg. Cor.

Winnipeg Shelter.—Hallelujah! We are rising and the foe must be driven. We have beautiful times in the Shelter. Our Sunday meetings are a source of great blessing to all. Had Capt. Tooke with us on Sunday night. Beautiful time. Capt. Hudson jumping happy. Going to strike S.-D. target.—The Saved Newfoundlander, S. J. B.

Houlton, Maine.—Three souls this week. The people are very kind. They buy the War Cry for the jail. God bless them. Things are going up in general. The sight of a blind man coming to Jesus Sunday night did us good. The Captain has lost his voice, but we are praying that God will restore it to him again soon.—Lieut. B. Sparks.

Goderich.—We had a welcome meeting on Thursday night to our new officers. After the meeting we had an enjoyable tea. After meeting them at the station we marched through hail and sleet down to the barracks. It was a rough night, but the spirit of God was within our hearts. We haven't many soldiers here, but God is with us.

Clarenville, Nfld.—After a long time of praying, we are able to shout victory. Last Thursday night a big sinner got blessedly saved. Hallelujah! Two months of fighting he had against God's spirit; at last the devil lost grip. Praise God! He is going right in to be a Salvation Soldier. His wife is a soldier and some of the children, Juniors. Yours faithfully.—Capt. L. England.

Sunbury.—On Wednesday night a little boy sought and found pardon at the Saviour's feet. On Friday a brother came back to the fold. Yesterday two backsliders came crying to God to save them, and they were not disappointed. We are expecting a visit from Brigadier Sharp and Staff-Capt. Rawling. Self-Denial all the go here in Sunbury. God is with us and we are sure to win.—Lieut. Lillie Dewitta, for Capt. Mary Michiel.

Larimore, N. D.—We are holding meetings in the neighboring towns during Self-Denial. Large attendance to all. The picture of Little Wiggles is proving to be a powerful factor in leading the people to see the need of the rescue homes for the children. Sergt.-Major Branser is here from Fargo, N. D., helping in the work. Ensign McKenzie is coming with his lantern to stay three days, 26th, 27th, 28th inst. Yours in the war.—J. W. Coombs, R. C.

Clinton.—Marine Band with us Monday night. Big crowds. Blessed time. At band practice one poor backslider who had been miserable on account of his condition for some time, yielded his all to God. Many more under deep conviction. We are believing for a great smash-up. A hint to the sisters—don't have for an excuse that you have no pockets to carry your earnings money in, put it in your belt. Splendid idea.—S. J. B., Reg. Cor.

Pelley's Island, Nfld.—After having fought here for four months have now received farewell orders. During our stay many souls have sought and found Christ, and many of them are blood-and-fire soldiers. Officers have worked hard and the fruit of their labors are seen in the quarters fixed up nicely and $6.25 over H. P. target. The farewell meeting was a time of mighty blessing. Three souls at the Cross. Praise God.—Capt. Baggs and Lieut. Bishop.

Spokane, Wash.—Glad to report victory in the far West. Wonderful week-end. Eleven souls—five for the blessing, six for salvation. Praise God. He was truly with us from early morn until close. Ensign Barr assisted in the night meeting. He is busy fixing up the Shelter, and at the same time looking forward to a "brighter day soon coming on." Monday night three more in the Fountain. Tuesday soldiers' meeting. Comrades dancing happy. In for victory in S.-D. "Spokane for Jesus," is our motto. Yours to win.—Capt. Bailey.

Spring Hill.—The work here is decidedly on the up grade. Scarcely a week passes but the dear Lord gives us the desire of our hearts in the salvation of souls and reclaiming of precious wanderers. Ensign believes that prayer, faith and hard work is sure to conquer. Amen. On Sunday he enrolled a number of blood-and-fire men and women as soldiers, also a bright little lassie as a Junior Cadet, with a good prospect of more to follow in the near future. To God be every bit of the glory.—M. Bell, Lieut., for Ensign Crelchton.

Halifax I.—This has been a blessed week to our souls. Sinners are getting saved in most every meeting the past week. The spirit of the Lord is taking hold of the people, and we are believing for a harvest of souls in the near future. Adjt. Aikenhead has a good hold here, and things in general are on the rise. Praise God. United meeting at Dartmouth corps on Thursday night, and a banquet, it being the occasion of the farewell of Capt. Jennings and wife, and Lieutenant. May the Lord bless us altogether, and make us soul-winners.—See. Casbin.

Fenelon Falls.—"March on Salvation Army," is the clarion note that is sounding in this part of the vineyard. We rejoice in the fact that three more have surrendered to the claims of God and to-day are rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. We enjoy the droppings. Look out for the showers. Yours conquering.—Capt. R. D. Williams.

Dresden.—The devil is raging. No wonder, for we are getting some of his servants—four last week. Several that got converted lately, are doing well. One brother has only missed one meeting since he got saved, about two months ago. Thank God. We had a good time on Sunday, 7 a.m., love feast, fourteen present. Glory be to Jesus.—W. Orchard, D. O.

Mandan.—Ensign McKenzie's visit an inspiration. "The Torn Bible, or Capt. Hubert Goodwin's best friend," the subject of the Lantern Service, was most touching. Many tears. Many felt that there was still left a little human feeling in them. What a world of meaning and feeling lies behind a tear! I cannot conceive of tears in hell. There'll be some in heaven. We won't need a seal for sympathy there. We are happy.—McGill, Campbell and Sivorts.

It was Bismarck, N. D. Ensign Bailey was making all announcements of the sale of children when a good gentleman in the audience, trembling for the honor of the Army, and fearing the imprisonment of its officers, stayed behind to tell the Ensign that it was against the laws of the U. S. to sell children. However a successful sale was effected, and we pray that the children will be kept by—the power of God.—Ensign McKenzie.

Dillon, Mont.—Self-Denial is nearly here and we are girding on our armor for the struggle. A detachment has been out on a soliciting expedition for the past ten days and report splendid success. Will bury our target, $130, out of sight. One soul made happy by having his sins forgiven this week. Expected to have Staff-Capt. Watson with us, but were disappointed as usual. Cause, too much snow on the track.—Harry Brown, Reg. Cor.

Lindsay.—We have just had a glorious week-end. Started Self-Denial Week with a half-night of prayer. Sunday we were in good fighting trim. Devil fought hard against us, and it seemed as we entered the prayer meeting at night that we were going to be defeated, but by faith we hung on to God, with the result that four precious souls came to Jesus, and thus we had a proper wind-up to Self-Denial Sunday. Hallelujah! We shall win. Yours, fighting.—J. Jones, D. O.

Tilbury Circle.—We are having victory up our way. Last Thursday at Glenwood, one of the outposts, one precious soul was liberated from the bondage of sin, plunged into the Fountain, came out bright. Gave his name for a recruit. Has since testified to God's saving power. Hallelujah! We are in the midst of our Self-Denial. The comrades of the Circle are enthusiastic over the campaign. Believing God is going to help us smash our target and come out with flying colors. Yours marching on.—Lieut. Bonny, for Capt. Liston.

Peterboro.—Hallelujah! God is working in our midst. Souls are getting saved. We have had a visit from Brigadier Sharp, who led the soldiers' meeting. His subject was Self-Denial. God bless the Brigadier. His happy face and encouraging chats also

again Brigadier. Friday night half-night of prayer. Sunday was the old times over again. Hallelujah! Holiness meeting two souls were saved. Praise God. Free and Easy, grand. The night meeting was the best. Five souls knelt at Jesus' feet and found pardon, and sinners sat in their seats and trembled, but would not yield. This man's seven souls for the day. Hallelujah! A grand start for Self-Denial Week. Yours to help.—Sergt. May Lang.

Ottawa.—Ottawa is still to the front. We have had a meeting in which three scenes of the life of the prodigal were shown. It was a grand service. On Sunday, band at Richmond. An overcrowded meeting. One soul. Finances very good. At Ottawa a glorious victory. Eight souls on Sunday evening. Meetings led by Mrs. Adjt. McLean. Adjutant at Richmond. S.-D. in full blast. Prayer and faith brings victory.—A French.

Yarmouth, N. S.—Sunday we had Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Gage with us. Beginning at knee-drill, the presence of God was felt in the meetings. In the holiness meeting three were forward, and in the afternoon five comrades were enrolled as soldiers. Little Eva delighted the people with the choruses she sang. Before the meeting closed one Junior came to God. A large crowd attended the evening meeting, and two souls proved the power of God to save.—A. Y. L.

Kingston, Ont.—God must be magnified for all His mercies toward us at Kingston. He is pouring out His spirit in His own way. Many are being quickened, and many are being saved. Backsliders are coming home. Oh, hallelujah! Say, it is Self-Denial Week, and that is just all right, we are in it. Victory through our Christ. Our War Cry boomers are still booming. They sell each week about the same number, although their names do not always get sent up for publication.—W. H. Byers, Adjt.

Lisgar St. Corps.—The farewell of Sister Annie Tuck, for the Training Home, was made the occasion of a special gathering by her comrades, by whom she is highly esteemed. Mrs. Brigadier Read dropped in upon the scene, and spoke encouragingly to our comrade, and the other candidates present. She also spoke helpful words in reference to the Self-Denial effort. The meeting closed by the comrades joining in singing "God be with you till we meet again."

A Challenge to the Territory.

Stroud.—Last Sunday, one in Fountain. Will do our best to hit target. Band of Love booming. Challenge any corps in the Territory for best Band of Love, according to size of corps. We have forty-three members—sewing classes, crazy-work, painting on felt, fancy work (of all descriptions), carpentering, commercial book-keeping, club swinging, and military drills classes. Now then, who'll take me up. Sergt.-Major Reynolds cuts hair and gives money received to Band of Love funds. Hallelujah!—F. French, Capt.

Winnipeg.—We are fighting on. God is giving us the victory. Last Sunday we had a glorious day. The devil's ranks were broken into and nine of his captives were set at liberty, and during the week three more sought and found pardon, and are now proving God's power to keep from sin. Many more are under conviction. It may be very cold here this winter, but we are determined to make it hot for the devil. God is on our side and lives to help us. We are all busy with Self-Denial. Every comrade is pitching in and are doing what they can and all are determined to reach the target. The band boys are not behind in doing something for Self-Denial. God bless them. They have a target of $100, and they all are doing their utmost, and they will not be satisfied till they get there. We praise God for victory, and we all mean to fight

SONGS

Tune.—Stella (B. J., 25).

1 Saviour from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is Thy healing name;
To lose when perfected in love
Whate'er I have, or can, or am;
I stay me on Thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as His Lord."

Answer that gracious end in me,
For which Thy precious life was given;
Redeem from all eternity;
Now save and make me meet for heaven.
Unless Thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith is vain.

Didst Thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself, but Thee?
My body, soul and spirit give
To Him who gave Himself for me?
Come then, my Master, and my God,
Take the dear purchase of Thy blood.

Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For Thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me Thy glorious name;
Me for Thine own this moment take;
And change, and throughly purify;
Thine only I will live and die.

Tune.—Gird on the Armor (B. J., 36. F. S., 52).

2 I have read of men of faith,
Who have boldly fought till death,
Who now the crown of life are wearing;
Then the thought comes back to me,
Can I not a soldier be,
Like to these martyrs, bold and daring?

Chorus.

I'll gird on the armor and rush to the field,
Determined to conquer, and never to yield;
So the enemy may know wherever I may go,
That I'm fighting for Jehovah.

I, like them, will take my stand,
With the sword of God in hand,
Smiling amid opposing legions;
I the victor's crown will gain,
And at last go home to reign
In heaven's bright and sunny regions.

I will join at once the fight,
Leaning on my Saviour's might,
Who's strong and mighty to deliver;
From my post I will not shrink,
Though I of death's cup should drink;
Hell to defeat is my endeavor.

Will you not enlist with me,
And a gallant soldier be?
Vain 'tis to waste your time in slumber;
Jesus calls for men of war,
Who will fight and not give o'er,
Routing hell's host in fear and wonder.

Tune,—Oh, Joyful Sound (B. J., 118. S. M., I., 102).

3 My soul is now united to Christ, the living vine,
His grace I long have slighted, but now I feel Him mine;
I was to God a stranger, till Jesus took me in,
He freed my soul from danger, and pardoned all my sin.

Soon as my all I ventured on the atoning Blood,
The Holy Spirit entered, and I was born of God;
My sins are all forgiven, I feel His blood applied,
And I shall go to heaven if I in Christ abide.

By floods and flames surrounded, I still my way pursue,
Nor shall I be confounded with glory in my view,
Still Christ is my salvation—what can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation, my Father's wrath is o'er.

Tune.—Calling for the Wanderer Home (B. J., 30. F. S., 33).

4 Jesus stands, and knocks, and pleads,
Calling for the wanderer home;
And for sinners intercedes,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Chorus.

Boundless love beyond degree,
Calling for the wanderer home.
As a lamb to slaughter led,
Calling for the wanderer home.
On the cross the blood was shed,
Calling for the wanderer home.

He has often called before,
Calling for the wanderer home.
Now He's waiting at the door,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Come, oh come, while yet He stands,
Calling for the wanderer home.
While in love He spreads His hands,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Soon His mercy will be o'er,
Calling for the wanderer home.
Thou shalt hear His voice no more
Calling for the wanderer home.

Tune.—There's Mercy still for Thee (B. J., 15. S. M., II., 7).

5 O wanderer, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' loving face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace.
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free,
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee!
Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee whole.
There's mercy still for thee!

Long in darkness thou hast strayed,
Away from joy and peace:
Thou hast these worldly pleasures tried,
But found them soon to cease.
Without one lingering ray of hope,
In anguish thou mayst be;
Oh, listen to the joyful sound,
There's mercy still for thee.

Though sins of years rise mountains high,
And would thy hopes destroy,
Thy Saviour's blood can wash away
The stains, and bring thee joy.
Now lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee;
While still the angels chant the strain,
"There's mercy still for thee."

MAJOR PUGMIRE

Conducts Great Revival Meetings at St. John I.

CONVERTS' FACES GLOW.

Preparations were made, splendid prayer was offered up, and a week before the revival meetings started, we heard of a scattering in the enemy's ranks. The boys who had been rough, and disturbed the meetings, came and apologized. They scattered over the hall, some coming to the front seats.

On the Thursday before about two hundred people came into the meeting, among the number being the gentleman who brought the Salvation Army to Canada, who wrote the General years ago, pleading for officers to open the work here, also another very kind gentleman, who bought the officers each a beautiful pair of overshoes.

Friday night was really the starting point, when our dear leader met the No. I. soldiers, and together we besieged the Throne for an outpouring of God's spirit upon the coming campaign.

"Lord, may we have a good start, and may it be a good finish," prayed one of the comrades.

"It takes about sixty pounds of steam to drive the 'Prince Rupert' across the Bay of Fundy. Let us get up sixty pounds of steam to-night," said the Major, "and we shall be able to drive the old ship ahead."

The soldiers were in good spirits and many of them expressed a longing desire to see souls saved.

With burning words he talked to us, and at the close we all renewed our consecration, kneeling before God, and singing with hands uplifted toward heaven, "Here I give my all to Thee." It was a blessed meeting. God was there.

Saturday night Adjt. DesBrisay led, and two souls knelt for pardon of their sins.

Sunday all day the Major toiled hard, and at the close had the joy of seeing three young men at the penitent form crying to God for mercy, one of them coming from the back of the hall.

This came the wind-up to the day. clapped their hands, and were as enthusiastic as anybody there. Then, led by the Major, officers, soldiers and converts, marched round the hall, stopping on the way to take hold of God in earnest prayer for the sinners. And to finish up the Major called upon the Adjutant to hold the dear old Flag over us again, and we were all sworn in afresh. Oh, it was good to be there.

All through the week, despite many counter attractions in the city, the crowds continued to increase. Tuesday and Thursday afternoon meetings were held, and every night. Friday afternoon, though no meeting was announced, people were seen standing outside of the barracks, waiting in vain for the doors to open.

Great crowds came to the night meetings, and at nearly every one, souls came to God, a number of young men, whom the Major had especially been praying for, and pleading with, being among the number. It rejoiced our hearts to see them turning up afterwards to the marches and meetings, with faces lit up with the heavenly light.

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The meetings were of a musical character, the Major being almost a band in himself, with his concertina, cornet, and splendid strong voice. Each night the officers and soldiers from a different corps in the city assisted.

"The meetings were really the best of their kind I have ever witnessed," remarked an officer of good standing.

Friday night we had a genuine, good wind-up. In the open-air four of the young men converts stood in the ring side by side, and testified. In the inside meeting most of the week's converts came on the platform. The crowd in the building was large. The platform was well filled. The Major spoke from "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Some young men disturbed the meetings with their talk, and when the prayer meeting commenced one of them was given the option of coming on the platform and offering an apology, or being given over in the hands of the police. With pale face he pushed his way through the kneeling soldiers, stood on the platform and apologized for causing a disturbance.

Before that meeting closed five souls came to God, two of them being young men volunteers. They, with a number of other converts stood on the platform, and sang, "I do will believe, I will believe," and hearty volleys were as the Major himself promised to swear them in on Christmas Day as blood- and-fire soldiers of the good old Salvation Army. Then saw them all in a little ante-room after the meeting, and as they came forth, someone remarked, "The shepherd and his flock," which indeed he really looked.

We totalled the week with 1,514 people attending the meetings inside, 195 soldiers attending open-airs, and 17 souls kneeling at the Cross for pardon of their sins. All glory to God.

We have every reason to believe that real permanent good was done at these meetings. Fresh faces were seen in the barracks, and a noticeable feature throughout was the confidence with which many of the converts testified, and the bright, happy, changed look on their countenance as they rose from the penitent form. "One said, "I have a victory for time and eternity." Another, when asked if he believed he was saved, said, "I am sure of it."

Mrs. Pugmire was unable to attend as many meetings as she or we would have liked, but her singing with the Major when she was present, was much enjoyed by all.

Ensign Adams faithfully stood by the Major throughout the campaign.

On Sunday No. V. was the scene of battle, and though the day was stormy, and the soil in that part is hard and barren, yet the crowds were fair, and one soul sought God's salvation.

Monday night the Major led a special meeting at No. II., where all the city corps' united. The crowd was large, the meeting interesting, a special feature being a duet by the Major and his little son, Ernest. He also brought the self-righteous face to face with the fact that their self-righteousness was as filthy rags in God's sight.

And let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. If you want to see a busy, hard-working Salvationist and revivalist, come and spend a few days with Major Pugmire; if you want to hear a good songster, and an earnest, practical, powerful speaker, come and hear Major Pugmire; if you want to go to heaven when you die, come and get the precious blood of Jesus applied to your heart. Amen! "RED RIDING HOOD."

WANTED.

Captain Wm. Fisher, of Palmerston, wishes to purchase a second hand concertina. Must be in good condition, and in key to chord with B flat cornet. Write stating price, etc., Capt. Wm. Fisher,

Brigadier Howell at Victoria, B. C.

We have already begun to look upon Brigadier Howell as an old friend, although his recent visit made only the third occasion on which we have seen and heard him.

Adjt. Hay, Secretary of the Light Brigade and Junior artillery, accompanied the Brigadier, and he and his cornet were welcomed by all, the band in particular.

On Saturday night it rained and rained, but did not prevent a rousing march around the principal streets. A good crowd assembled for the inside meeting.

The Brigadier, in his opening remarks, assured us that he was glad to be here, a fact which we Victorians were, of course, proud of.

Adjt. Hay was introduced and, although suffering from a severe cold, favored us with

"Mighty, matchless love Divine,"

to the tune of "Two lovely black eyes," and afterwards expressed his determination to fight on and be faithful to the charge that God had given him. Adjt. Phillips spoke touchingly of our Vancouver comrade, and appealed to the unsaved.

The Brigadier read a few verses and pleaded with those present to get right with God.

Sunday's meetings, inside and out, were well attended. The open-air before the night meeting was, we believe, made a blessing to the large crowd that listened. Who can say that the old song

"The ninety and nine,"

did not touch the heart of some wanderer who had strayed from the fold?

The inside meeting was one in which God's presence was felt. Those who had labored and prayed unfeignedly all day were rewarded by seeing one, who had been the subject of many prayers, come back to Jesus.

The Brigadier left the city on Monday but Adjt. Hay remained for two days' special meetings. One of these was a graphophone service, held on Monday night. We were pleased to hear again the vocal and instrumental solos by Capt. McFee, who was converted and "joined 'em" in Victoria. Another interesting solo was one by Brigadier Howell's six-weeks-old son, which seemed all the more emphatic when sundry imaginary "digs in the ribs" were administered by Adjt. Hay.

The programme was enjoyed and no one grudged the admission fee.

The Adjt lead again on Tuesday night. We were cheered and blessed in these meetings and feel more than ever determined to stand by the Flag.

A. E. T.

Windsor District.

Excitement continues to run high, the fire to burn, the devil to howl, sinners to weep, soldiers to rejoice, converts to shout; what a strain? "'Tis awful," says the critic. "Never heard the like," says Mrs. Brown, and still the Army is marching along.

Staff-Capt. Turner came to give us a week-end, and his Windsor relatives went in to make it pleasant for him. Saturday night a free-and-easy, and we know how to appreciate our emancipation, we never want to go down to Egypt again.

Sunday was a praise meeting all day, ending with two precious souls in the fountain, and one saved on her way home. Praise God!

Monday was a Council for officers of District, led by Staff-Captain, where plans were laid for a further and more desperate attack on the enemy's ranks. A jubilee in the evening, a never-to-be-forgotten time. Oh, hallelujah! The glory came down and there was "a moovering." What with songs of Zion, the dancing, shouting, it was glory land. A duet by Capt. Hoddinott and Lieut. Hunt brought the house down. Order was restored by Capt. Crawford reading a Psalm, with a real spiritual exhortation to continue in the ways of righteousness and true holiness. Capt. Collier and Lieut. Gatzke, from Amherstburg, were in much power and freedom. God bless the officers of Windsor District. Adjt. and Mrs. Dowell were right there. We closed with two at the Cross, the first the mother of our Secretary and Robert and James Valiantlue. They got through. If there is shouting in the camp at seed time, what will the harvest be? We are in the thick of planning for Self-Denial.—Adjt. Dowell.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN SHELTON, Cor. James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

Florence Worth

FROM THE STAGE TO THE SALVATION ARMY.

CHAPTER VI.

MOTHER, I should like to discover what those funny people are like," said Florence one day. She was staying at Notting Hill whilst her own home was being got ready—the first settled abode since her marriage—the first two or three years of wedded life being spent in touring with her husband's company.

"To what people do you refer, Florence ?"

"Why, those sights we see go by so often—poke bonnets and skimpy skirts—Salvationists. How can we find out where they congregate ?"

"I believe our green-grocer belongs to them—at any rate he is friendly with them ; we might ask him."

This wish to see the Army was a new caprice,, and Florence followed up the clue her mother had given her as earnestly as she pursued every new fancy that struck her.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith ; can you tell me where the Salvationists hold their meetings ? I have taken in into my head to see them."

Florence said this as if she were making a challenge and quite expected her words to make an impression. Mr. Smith did not manifest any surprise whatever. It seemed to him the most natural thing in the world that folk with any pretensions of being

Wide Awake

should want to see the Army.

He gave Florence the address of the Kilburn corps—to which he belonged—adding, "there is a very nice officer in charge—a woman."

"No, I want to hear the very best they have. I should probably not care for the rank and file."

If Mr. Smith had any private opinions with regard to the "rank and file" he very wisely kept them to himself, and handing Florence a War Cry, pointed out to her a meeting in Exeter Hall, to be led by the General.

"Thank you," said Florence, feeling very triumphant at the success of her quest. Exeter Hall was held to be goody-goody by the "profession,",but it was respectable.

Mrs. Worth, who was quite used to her daughter's vagaries, consented to escort her to Exeter Hall.

They were both accustomed to enthusiastic crowds, so that the ferment and general jubilation which prevaded the assembly did not appear strange to them ; but they were struck with an

Indefinable Something

which overspread the place. Florence called it a "magnetic thrill" for want of a better term, but they were both puzzled to understand the source from whence it came.

Another thing which struck Florence as being strange and other-worldish was the Salvationists' singing "While the light from heaven is falling."

"Shut your eyes and sing it," said the General.

"Rather a difficult task for one who is reading the lines for the first time," thought Florence. However, she liked the words, which she set herself to remember, and the tune she took home with her as well.

Looking back on that meeting, she says :

"There was

No Penitent-form

and I had a very pleasant afternoon, and did not feel uncomfortable at all, unless with that thrill before mentioned. I was used to fine preaching, speeches and lectures. It was not talent that would bring me to God."

If that meeting led to no immediate results, however, it impressed Florence sufficiently to make her willing and eager to attend a second.

One day, not long after her visit to Exeter Hall, a Cadet put a slip of paper into her hand containing the announcement of a meeting to be led

By Colonel Pearson

in the Notting Hill barracks.

"You'll come to this meeting, won't you, mother ?" said Florence when she got home.

"No, I don't care about the Army ; and besides, I am busy with some sewing I want to finish."

"Oh, never mind the sewing—I want to go very much. Do come !"

Mrs. Worth felt very disinclined for the effort, but Florence never left off coaxing till she got her consent to accompany her.

"We'll dress very quietly, though we won't

Make Ourselves into Guys,"

said Florence : and this is what she wore, as, with chastened mood, she picked her way through the not very salubrious street leading to the barracks—

A navy-blue vicuna serge skirt, heavily embroidered in narrow white braid ; black cashmere open-front jacket, silk revers over black silk waistcoat, with tiny crimson dot ; a toque hat, biscuit-colored tussore silk, richly embroidered with cut jet and gold, a slight touch of black velvet, and both front and back a cluster of black ostrich tips—it was a real model hat ; tan suede gloves.

Needless to say the Salvationists on duty at the door held a different opinion as the two worldlings came down the street. They would have been surprised had they heard the prayer that went up to God as they entered the barracks "Oh, Lord, can you

Save these Mashers ?"

The meeting had already commenced, so the "mashers" sat at the very back of the hall. Florence had never been present at a testimony meeting, and the simplicity of the service took hold of her as nothing religious had ever yet done. This was another unexpected. She had only anticipated another pleasant afternoon—Florence went in largely for pleasant things, and being on pretty good terms with herself, generally contrived to secure a modicum of pleasure.

A Converted Stage Hat.

Referring to that afternoon, and the awakening which followed, she says : "I thought myself a good Christian. I had been christened, confirmed, had my own seat in church, contributed my tenth to God's work, was a total abstainer, a respectable wife and mother, a good daughter. True, I was bound with chains of vanity, pride, gambling, self-will, temper, and worldliness of all kinds, but so was everyone else in my small world ; that was inevitable—we were born so. Of course I was not responsible for my hereditary traits of environment. I did the best I could, like all nice people. I made the best of this world, never did any harm (?), and expected to go to heaven in good time. Moreover, I was a

'Miserable Sinner'

once on a Sunday—all these thoughts, and many others, were in my mind that afternoon. Then the testimonies began—simple and childlike, mostly—but each one who spoke had been 'delivered from one or many besetting sins.' One young woman (a servant) had been rescued from the streets by Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Rescue Officers, and she realized in a simple and affecting way, that her sins were blotted out, that God had cleansed her, and made again a 'despised thing' into a vessel fit for His use. Another testimony was from a doctor of medicine—a refined and impressive speaker, who talked of soul-communion with the Father until

The Tears Poured Down

my face like rain, and I realized in my deepest being that I did not know the Christ at all, that I was far from Him, that I was a sinner ; but more than all, I felt alone with Him. I was conscious of no one but His loving Presence, and that He was calling me to Him. I rose, pushed through the crowd and fell at His feet. I was still alone with God. I sobbed, and sobbed, and all I could say was, 'I love Him—I love Him !' He knew all about me, nay—had He not led me to Himself ?—and He soothed me, and poured into my soul that Divine ecstasy which comes with the knowledge of sins forgiven, and which passes thought or speech. I cannot tell about it ; but I know it is real and beyond any of the joys we can explain. No one asked me to go to the penitent-form, no one could have kept me away."

Yes, Florence Worth, who had lived so long on shams, had found the real thing—she was drinking at that

Fountain of Joy

whose streams never run dry. She returned home in a state of high exaltation. The world seemed a new place altogether. "He died for me, He died for me," she repeated ever and anon to herself. It was all so wonderful !

Like Peter and James and John, who, when they came down from the mountain, found the daily cross which must be carried by all Christ's followers, Florence met hers on waking next morning.

We have said that her life had hitherto been made up of shams—consequently the first battle she was called upon to wage was to be in this direction.

To "make-up" had become second nature, and, almost unconsciously, as she was dressing the morning of her visit to Notting Hill, she stretched out her hand for the "make-up" paraphernalia, consisting of coloring for her cheeks, pencil for her eyebrows and eyelashes, etc., etc. Then her hand fell at her side. "Surely it does not mean that," she said, "not 'make up.'" She looked in the glass. She appeared hideous to herself. What should she do ? Reaching a Bible from a shelf she turned over the pages nervously. Perhaps she would find something to guide her there. "We" red in the balance and found wanting" were the words which caught her eye. She closed the book and finished dressing. She had received to be herself, and not another.

The day after Florence gave her heart to God at Notting Hill Colonel Pearson held another meeting at Kilburn, where Ensign Fairbain was in command. The Colonel introduced Florence to the Ensign, who took down her name and address and invited her to call at the quarters whenever she felt in need of a friend. She also visited her at her mother's.

"She triumphantly placed the bonnet on her first convert's head."

Florence Worth's first convert was her own mother, whom she had the joy of leading to the penitent form at Kilburn a fortnight after her own conversion.

As yet the way was not open for Florence to put on uniform, other than a plain navy-blue dress and shield ; but she comforted herself for the time being by converting her stage hat into a hallelujah bennet, which she triumphantly placed on her convert's head, a beautiful illustration of the proverb, "where there's a will there's a way."

Hyacinthe Mary.

We have not said much about little Hyacinthe, but considering that she plays a very important part in her mother's career as a Salvationist, some reference to her here will not be out of place. Very tall for a child of three, fair hair (not flaxen), and beautiful large grey eyes, exceptionally long lashes and dark-pencilled eyebrows. The charm of this small beauty, however, lay chiefly in the natural grace of her manners. Quite untaught she always made visitors her special care. The sight of a stranger was always the signal for the following remarks, as she brought a chair forward—

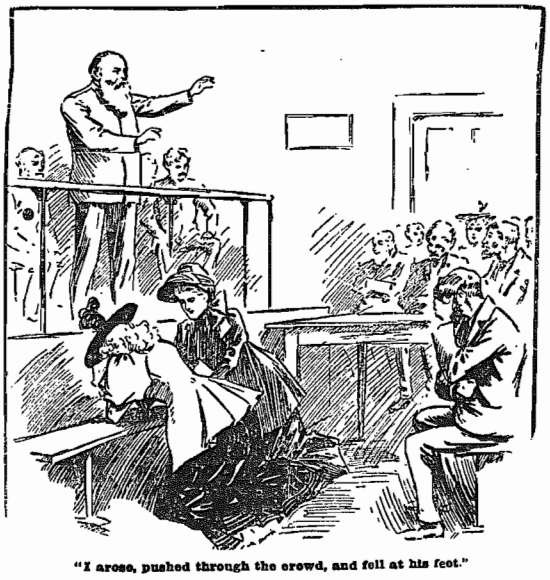
"Sit down—zoo's tired ! Take off zoo langs. I'es glad zoo's tum." She had a wonderful ear for music ; she could sing any tune and change the key, after once hearing it.

Hyacinthe was passinnately fond of her parents, and would sit still for hours rather than wake them if she found either asleep, and would comfort herself during their absence by kissing and caressing some garment belonging to them. It was quite natural that she should be full of stage gesture, which, in her case, was hereditary, not acquired. Her parental grandmother felt very proud of the little maiden, who waited upon her, on her recovery from a serious illness, bearing in her chubby hands a box containing sixty sprays of pink hyacinthe. She was herself

A Study in Pink—

pink dress, pink socks, pink satin shoes and pink silk bonnet.

(To be Continued.)



"I arose, pushed through the crowd, and fell at his feet."

THE KINGDOM OF GOD DOES NOT ONLY SUFFER, BUT IS PARTIAL TO VIOLENCE.— Field Commissioner.

SHAMGAR AND THE OX-GOAD

A Ballad of the Hebrews.

(Especially contributed to th paper by BRIGADIER HARDING Editor of the Social Gazette.)

The heathen burst from .eir land of Pride,
With banner and shield aglow ;
They came as the locusts by Gaza side,
And the great blue sea below.
Wo had fought with Anak and fought with Heth,
And bed them with triple cord,
But the boldest of Judah might hold his breath,
When the Philistine drew his sword.

* * * *

For fierce is the bite of the desert blast,
That roars like a maddened bull,
And wild is the sand of the Kishon east
When the winter current's full ;
But fiercer the yell of the fish-god's host
When they charge for the Hebrew spoil,
And keener the thrnst that their warriors boast
Than the shock where the white waves boil.

* * * *

The robed priests read the law and prayed,
(And bowed each stiffened neck),
That Jehovah would smite Philistia's raid
As He smote against Amalek—
As He thrust out Moab by Jordan's ford,
As He cleft the raging sea—
That the great I AM should reign as Lord
And His people still go free.

* * * *

Alas, for the fathers' narrow sight,
For their peaco with the gods of stone,
For their joy in the filth of the Canaanite,
And the sins that wo made our own !
But Jehovah remembers the humble still,
In the promise by Moses sent :
When Israel returneth to do His will,
The Bow of the Lord is bent.

* * * *

Wo mourned for th' vintage of Ephraim, lost,
For the wasle of the shepherds' toil,
For the driven herds in the ravines tost,
And the poured-out wine and oil ;
For the blood-drenched fights, and the widows who'd rue,
And the orphans that Sharon wept,
And the want of—a Judge,, with the will to do,
By the strength of his God's arm kept.

* * * *

But though we had turned our wicked wills
To serve the host of heaven,
It was in love He sent those ills
To purge from sinful leaven ;
He leaveth not His own forlorn,
To faint beneath their load :
But yet exalted Israel's horn
By Shamgar and his goad.

* * * *

Shamgar, the rough—with heart of gold,
—Ox-herd : of small account,
Tinged with the fire that shone of old
On Sinai's burning mount !
No polished soldier, seeking pelf,
Trained by Egyptian code,
But just—a man, who gave—himself,
And the force of his old ox-goad.

* * * *

The foe turned back to their land of Pride,
But their banners were torn and dim,
And the road was strewn with the host that died,
Away to the great sea's rim.
Oh, praise the Lord, in His glorious might,
Whose strength in His own abode,
Who drove the oppresser in headlong flight,
By Shamgar and his goad !

* * * *

Not by the PROUD, God fights and works
To thrust down the devil's might,
For faith walks safely where dangers lurk,
But the stupid must walk by sight :
The soul that trusts, nor doubts, nor sleeps
(And the harvest musl yet be mowed),
May drive the fce from the bulwarked steeps,
Like Shamgar, with his goad.

WHO'S GOT THAT CAPE ?

EXCHANGED.—While at big meetings in Toronto, a navy blue serge cape, lined with serge, buttons covered with plain cloth, for one much the same but larger and with narrow facing of farmer satin and buttons covered with black check cloth. Will the person in possession of said cape kindly communicate with Adjt. Jordan, 119 Wentworth St., Hamilton.

"'Come Into My Parlor,' sai I the Spider to the Fly."

By Dr. W. C. D.

SATAN is still at his old business of setting traps and catching men. He has been six thousand years at it, and has got the art about perfect. Multitudes of silly flies of human kind are daily marching straight into his traps, whom he fascinates, makes insensible, and then destroys. Since the day when he trapped Eve in the garden, he has been after her children, alluring them into his beautiful parlors and cosy retreats, that are really dens of death.

* * * *

Satan was once a pure and holy angel, but be "abode not in the truth, he is a liar and a murderer from the beginning," and being cast out and banished forever, he cannot endure to see others enjoy any good. He is now consumed with a burning hate to all mankind, and his business is to destroy men and blast the prospects of the innocent.

* * * *

He is bound to drag all he can with him into eternal ruin, so he builds his gilded traps on every available spot and deals out his liquid poison, that shatters nerves, makes fatty livers and burned-out stomachs, and creates a fiery thirst that is never quenched.

He hates above all things happy homes, and gloates over blasted reputations and broken hearts. He delights in the agonizing tears and sighs and groans of his victims.

* * * *

He builds his seductive retreats resplendent with mirrors, cut glass, bright lights, and soft music, where the unwary are led on to sure death by the Lager, the Beer, the Stout, the Porter, the Wine, the Whiskey, the Brandy, the Rum, and the Gin ; and when money, home, friends, prospects, reputation, health and hope are all gone they are flung into dishonored graves to await the sound of Gabriel's trumpet, saying, "Arise ! come to judgment !"

* * * *

What an awful awakening it will be for multitudes !

Knowing these things, in love we warn men.

Beware of the devil's traps and of his wares. Enter not his den ! He will finally pick your bones and devour your flesh, as the spider does the fly.

Oh, what mountains of human bones are stacked in the devil's back yard ! He wants yours to throw on the pile. Are you sipping his beer or whiskey ? Then he has got you on his string. One foot is in his web.

It is not too late. Break away for your life ! Cry to God for help. "O Lord, mighty helper of men, not one more drop of beer or whiskey for me, by Thy help."

* * * *

It may be that the terrible appetite has GOT HOLD of you, brother ! Perhaps many a good suit of clothes, and dresses for the wife, and shoes for the baby, have gone into the whiskey or beer bottle. If so, halt now ! The devil may some day gloat over you, helpless and dying, stung to death by the poison of the pit, and call you an ass, a fool, a simpleton, to choose sorrow and death instead of life and eternal good.

* * * *

There is ONE stronger than Satan. When Jesus speaks Satan flies. The only safety is in fleeing to Jesus for help. He says, "HE THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT." This translated literally is, "I will by no means thrust out of doors," or, "I will not chase him out of the house." The allusion is to the case of a person in deep distress, who comes to a nobleman's house for relief, and is kindly received and his wants supplied. So does Jesus. He never did reject the suit of a penitent. He is come to the house of mercy. The servant bids him come in, he obeys, and stands trembling, doubting whether he is to be received or rejected. The Master appears and not only grants his suit, but receives him into his family ; he alleges his unfitness, his unworthiness, his guilt, his crimes, his ingratitude ; no matter, all shall be blotted out through the Blood of the Lamb, and he be put among the children ; and on none of these accounts shall he be put out of the house.

* * * *

O, Thou God of love ! How able and WILLING art Thou to save the vilest of the vile who come to Thec.

"SAY UNTO THEM, AS I LIVE, SAITH THE LORD, I HAVE NO PLEASURE IN THE DEATH OF THE WICKED, BUT THAT THE WICKED TUDN FROM HIS WAY AND LIVE. TURN YE, TURN YE, FROM YOUR EVIL WAYS, FOR WHY WILL YE DIE, O HOUSE OF ISRAEL."

* * * *

Have you entered this devil's whiskey den, brother ? Is he winding his cords of habit around you, with tobacco, beer or whiskey ? You will be lost if you do not struggle to get free.

* * * *

The terrible thought will haunt you forever, "I might have avioded sin, but I did not ! That God-man who died on the cross died for me ! I might have been saved, but I would not ! I loved darkness rather than light, and now I am doomed to darkness forever !"

* * * *

"THEIR WORM DIETH NOT !" Every lost soul will have his peculiar remorse for the evils he did, and for the grace he rejected. To reflect on lost opportunities forever, without hope, IS A HELL OF ITSELF.

* * * *

Do not live longer in a fools paradise! Consider eternity ! "We must all of necessity be sacrificed to God in eternity, after one way or another, AND WE NOW HAVE THE CHOICE, either of the unquenchable fire of his JUSTICE, or of the everlasting flame of His LOVE !"

* * * *

God's voice to-day to us is "COME, FOR ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY. I AM COME TO SEEK AND TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS LOST. WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM COME AND TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY."

Hark ! the Saviour's voice from heaven,
Speaks a pardon full and free ;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven,
Boundless mercy flows for thee—
Even thee !

See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree ;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing, bringing,
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee—
Even thee !

Hear His love and mercy speaking,
"Come and lay thy soul on Me ;
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee—
Even thee !

Sinner, come to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free ;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly He will welcome thee—
Even thee !

Every sin shall be forgiven,
Thou, through grace, a child shall be;
Child of God and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee—
Even thee !

Then in love forever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be ;
And thy soul shall still be telling
All His mercy did for thee—
Even thee !

"THE UNIFORM AGAIN."

Mrs. Brigadier Read, the Women's Social Secretary, says :

I have received a very interesting letter from dear Ensign Ogilvie, who has been called to the dying bed of her sister. I extract a paragraph or two, as they speak strongly for the uniform: "I thought the journey would seem so long, but just after I got on the train a lady beckoned to me. I went to see what she wanted, and she said, 'I would like to have a talk with you, would you mind coming and sitting with me ?' I sat down beside her, and she said, 'I am in trouble about my soul, and I prayed this morning that there might be a Salvationist on the train that I could speak to.' I believe the Lord helped me to help her. She came nearly all the way here, and while I was seeking to help her I was able for the time to forget my own sorrow, and the journey seemed so short. Oh, the Lord is so good to us when we trust Him." We always forget our own sorrows when lightening other hearts.

* * * *

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

One of the officers in the Children's Home in Toronto, gives a little glimpse into life there, in a note :

"There was quite a touching scene in the Home last Tuesday night. I had gone to the meeting and did not get home until late and there found a man and two children who had been trying to get into the Police Station for the night, and was there directed to the Children's Home. He came about nine o'clock. The children were bareheaded and in their bare feet, and the father was under the influence of liquor. They were waiting for me to come home, and the children went to sleep on the floor as if it were their most comfortable place they had had for a long time. I thought it would be a good time to reach theh man's soul, so we got down, one on each side of the children, and got him to promise to do better. I believe he went to the Temple and got properly saved the following night when he was not so intoxicated, and I asked him to-day how he was doing and he said he was alright. I believe he is on the right road now."

Poor helpless babes of a drunken father ! You are to be pitied. Your father is to be pitied even more for his weakness.

An interesting experiment has been conducted recently at a hospital in Dublin. A man whose eyeids had been destroyed through opthalmia, has had grafted in their place, the eyelids of newly-killed pigs. The physicians are sanguine of the success of the experiment.

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